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Catholics Listen! The Pope Speaks!

"The first, the greatest and the most widespread danger is undoubtedly Communism in all its forms and degrees. It either threatens and fights openly, or sets snares against everything: the dignity of the individual, the holiness of the family, the order and security of the civilised consortium, and above all, religion, even to the open and organised denial of God. Abundant and unhappily widely disseminated literature reveals this programme: the proof is to be found in the movements already accomplished or attempted in various countries, in Russia, Mexico, Spain, Uruguay and Brazil.

"It is a great danger, a total and universal danger. This constant and undisguised universality is proclaimed, invoked and organised by a propaganda which spares nothing. This propaganda is all the more dangerous when, as recently, it takes on less violent and less apparently impious attitudes in order to penetrate into less accessible circles, and to obtain, alas, successfully, unbelievable connivances, or at least a tolerance which has a tremendous value for the cause of evil and dark consequences for the good cause."

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI.

at the Opening of the International Catholic Press Exhibition,
12th May, 1936.

Editorial Notes

A BRILLIANT scene was witnessed in Vatican City on May 12th—the Pope's Feast-day—when His Holiness solemnly inaugurated the World Exhibition of the Catholic Press. It was the climax of many months of

The Vatican Press Exhibition. preparation, and in every way proved an outstanding success. Replying to an address of welcome from Count della Torre. Editor of the *Osservatore Romano*, the Pope took occasion to speak very plainly upon two great questions of the hour: the growth of Communism and the persecution of the Church in totalitarian States. On the preceding page we give *verbatim* the words of the Supreme Pontiff concerning Communism, and we ask every reader to study them carefully and to realise their implications. In his address also, the Pope referred sadly to two countries unrepresented in the Exhibition—Germany and Russia, where he said “the Catholic Press has been paid the honour of having its power and efficacy feared; and thus truth has been paid the supreme honour of being suppressed as opposition.” The Irish section at the Exhibition, though necessarily small in quantity, is artistically arranged so as to convey an idea of the cultural background of Irish ecclesiastical history. The dominating *motif* is the Celtic Cross, which immediately catches the eye of the visitor; whilst the various monthlies and annuals, together with the two Catholic weeklies—*The Standard* and *The Irish Catholic*—are prominently displayed. At the request of the Committee of Organisation, copies of *The Cross* will be available in the Reading Room for the duration of the Exhibition.

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WITH the occupation of Addis Ababa by Italian forces, the war in Africa may be said to have come to an end. One would imagine that the scenes of anarchy, bloodshed and pillage which occurred in the Abyssinian capital following the flight of the ex-Emperor would convince the most rabid partisan that Abyssinia was not quite in the front rank of civilised Powers. Recognising the facts of the situation, urgent representations were made to Marshal Badoglio to hasten the advance of the Italian troops so that law and order might be restored. But, apparently, the farce of “sanctions” is to be played out to the bitter end. When will the talkative gentlemen of Geneva drop the pretence and become realists? Surely it is apparent that nothing short of a European War will force Italy to relinquish her hold on Ethiopia. It is regrettable—but it is a fact; and one can't get rid of awkward facts by closing one's eyes and saying they don't exist. And since “sanctions” have failed in their purpose, why are they to be continued? To impose further “sanctions” means war; to continue them is futile; to abolish them is an open admission of a weakness that is patent to all the world. And whilst we are on this subject, we hate to see the hypocritical protests being made against the alleged use of gas by the Italian Army. The use of gas has been outlawed by international convention, *but* every European Government has its gas experts and chemical experimenters. There is an English Army School for gas at Porton. Money is not spent on it for fun—it is for use. And it will be used when occasion requires—make no mistake about it!

* * * * *

LITVINOFF—Soviet Russia's Public Liar No. 1—has denied before the Council of the League of Nations that his Government had any connection with secret Communist propaganda and subversive movements in various South American countries. The police at Montevideo arrested a notorious Communist agitator, Harry Berger, sent to Uruguay by the International, and seized his secret correspondence. **Communism in Action.** Amongst the captured papers was a confidential circular, giving a plan of action—and also giving the lie to Comrade Litvinoff's suave denials. This document was published by *De Maasbode*, leading Dutch

Catholic newspaper, and also by the *Catholic Herald* (May 15th, 1936). From the latter we take some of the leading points of this revealing document, and it will be noted that an exactly parallel plan of action is being worked out here in Ireland. This is not surprising, since our "super-patriots" also take their cue from Moscow, and glory in describing themselves as a "Section of the Communist International." Here are some leading points from the Communist "Plan of Action." "The political-social revolution which will bring Communism into power will pass through the following essential stages: Preparatory period with a sham doctrine, either to facilitate revolutionary action or to enable us to carry on with the work under the present Government. The doctrine shall be cleared of every form of internationalism and nationalism shall be made the backbone of the movement. . . . Guarantee that the family, religion and religious freedom will be protected. . . . On no account may the word 'Communism' be used in connection with the action. At the utmost the ideas of nationalism and socialism may be interconnected. . . . Every opportunity to agitate shall be seized. If no opportunities present themselves they shall be created." Is not this very plan in daily action in Ireland to-day? The question is—How long?

* * * * *

A GREAT demonstration of Catholic solidarity in the West is promised when the Catholic Truth Society Congress opens at Tuam next month. Some years ago, when the project was first mooted, of holding the Annual C.T.S. Congress in various provincial centres, we forecasted that the scheme would be a pronounced success. The event has justified our most sanguine expectations—and the magnificent scenes of devotion witnessed at Belfast and Kilkenny in preceding years set a headline which Tuam will certainly emulate. Twenty members of the Hierarchy are expected to be present, including His Eminence Cardinal MacRory and His Excellency the Apostolic Nuncio. A unique feature of this Congress will be that the Irish language is being given pride of place. On June 27th arrangements are being made to bring to Tuam hundreds of Irish speakers from Connemara, Achill, the Aran Islands, Tourmakeady and Belmullet, as well as large numbers of native speakers from North Galway. The Archdiocese of Dr. John MacHale has been and still is the most Irish-speaking in Ireland, and the people are anxious that it should ever be so. Special papers in Irish will be read at the meetings, including one by Mr. Derrig, Minister for Education, on "The Irish Language as a Vehicle of National Tradition." The special Congress badge bears a representation of St. Jarlath's chariot, the Cross of Tuam, and an Irish crozier. The anticipated success of the Tuam hosting will prove in a very real sense that "The West's Awake!"

* * * * *

In the April *Cross* we published an interesting article "Epics of the Arctic," which vividly described the hardships and perils encountered by the Oblate Fathers in the Eskimo Missions of the Far North. The daily Press now reports that a special aeroplane is to be provided for the Eskimo missions. It is to be supplied by the *Miva*, a German Catholic organisation whose purpose is to equip remote missions with modern means of transport. Fr. Paul Schulte, founder of the *Miva*, flew from Cologne to Rome to discuss the matter with Mgr. Breynat, Vicar-Apostolic of Mackenzie. Known as the "flying priest," Fr. Schulte was a noted German pilot during the War. After the War he joined the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and organised the *Miva*. Having completed arrangements with Mgr. Breynat, Fr. Schulte left Friedrichshafen in the German Zeppelin "Hindenburg" en route for Lakehurst, New Jersey. He will go to Canada for one year, to pilot the new mission plane, at the same time training

**Help for
Eskimo
Missions.**

Sickles and ~ Encyclicals

MAURICE LEAHY

.....
" Each one must receive his due share, and the distribution of created goods must be brought into conformity with the demands of the common good."—Pius XI.
.....

A SOUL and a body. The Guilds in the Middle Ages thought of a man in this way—a *person* not a *thing*. The new Socialistic-Communitic-Caesarism thinks of a man as a bit of chemistry : soul, no ; body, yes ; but a body owned by the State, governed by laws and by-laws ; like fat stock or rotten fruit. Hence the new slavery called "Freedom." But it is an old struggle. The poor we always have with us.

On Easter Sunday, 1878, Pope Leo XIII had to remind a confused world of this age-old battle between the idea of man as a being possessing spiritual, moral, and temporal rights, and man as a piece of muddy Darwinian slime—ticketed, labelled and docketed on multi-coloured Government forms as if the birth or death of a human being were merely the entry of a banana or the exit of a cow. The Church, said Pope Leo, saved the nations from savagery, "did away with the miseries of slavery and lifted up mankind to their sublime native dignity ; founded and fostered the fine institutions of charity in which every form of suffering was eased, and everywhere instructed and elevated the populations, delivered them from squalid poverty and laboured in every way to make them live in a manner suitable to the dignity of human nature and to its hoped-for destinies."

Compare the Middle Ages with the Modern, said Pope Leo. Yes, compare them. When the Church was treated as a Mother the people enjoyed her protection. When the Church was treated as an enemy the people lost their friend. When smug and snobbish Communitic highbrows scream from their comfortable villas outside soulless Moscow and sigh for the day when Popes will be merely stuffed specimens in a museum (Red ranters have talked like this), they need not go further back than Pope Pius XI and Pope Leo XIII to see that Popes stand for the people, for soul and for body ; that whereas Communism in the red flame of hysteria has declared that the people belong to Moscow, the Popes in the white light of Reason have declared that the people belong to God. Saint Francis knew what *Brother* meant long before the *Comrades* flung the Red Flag over the Tabernacle.

What was the state of affairs at the close of the nineteenth century ?

Pius XI has summarised it. The population divided into two classes : employers and employed. "The first, small in numbers, enjoyed practically all the advantages so plentifully supplied by modern invention ; the second class, comprising the immense multitude of working-men, was made up of those, who, oppressed by dire poverty, struggled in vain to escape from the difficulties which encompassed them."

Pius XI goes on to say that "this state of things was quite satisfactory to the wealthy, who looked upon it as the consequence of inevitable economic laws, and who therefore were content to leave to charity alone the full care of helping the unfortunate ; as though it were the task of charity to make amends for the open violation of justice, a violation not merely tolerated but sometimes even ratified, by legislators." Hence it was either Revolution or Christian Social Reform. "A radical and speedy reform" was needed, with God as the Alpha and Omega. "Such was the opinion of the many Catholics, priests and laymen, whom a really wonderful charity had long spurred on to the relief of the

undeserved indigence of the labouring classes, and who could in no way persuade themselves that so enormous and unjust a difference in the distribution of temporal goods was truly in harmony with the designs of an All-wise Creator." Am I my brother's keeper, so to speak? But it was not for employers to exploit nor for employed to destroy and take refuge in red ruin: a mutual cure must



H. H. POPE PIUS XI,
Whose Encyclicals are quoted in this article.

be found for what Pope Leo XIII called "the misery and wretchedness pressing unjustly." But without God and His Church entering in, the problem must remain as helpless as a verb without a subject. When Pope Leo rose to defend them, the workers of the world welcomed his words of wisdom. "The Church," said Leo, "improves and betters the condition of the working-man by means of numerous organisations." Even after the Great War, the Nations, said Pius XI, seem to have turned to the *Rerum Novarum* of Leo XIII, from Mars to Rome.

Are our Governments merely there to keep law and order?

Much more, said Leo XIII.

"For the richer classes have many ways of shielding themselves, and stand less in need of help from the State; whereas the poorer classes have no resources of their own to fall back upon, and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the State. And for this reason, wage-earners, since they mostly belong to that class should be specially cared for and protected by the government."

Much of what the law did to ease the workers' troubles would seem to have been inspired by Pope Leo's words. Nor must we forget that the Saintly Pope Pius X was interested in Catholic Social Action: he was very keen that workmen should join the right type of Union—which respected the claims of soul and body and in no way endangered the workers' religion. What of those people who ignore or overlook such Papal efforts to heal the vicious breach between employers and employed? Pius XI answers: "Those who seem to attach slight importance to this Encyclical and its commemoration either blaspheme what they know not, or they understand nothing of what they may happen to know, or if they do understand are openly convicted of injustice and ingratitude." Here is a hint to the "What's-the-good-of-it?" critics.

Pius XI goes on to show that economics are not merely based on the trinity of symbols—£ s. d., but on the Trinity of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Charity, Justice, Love of the Brethren : Bethlehem, Nazareth and the Holy Family, yesterday, to-day and for ever. "The grave obligation of alms-giving, beneficence and liberality which rest upon the wealthy are constantly insisted upon in explicit terms by Holy Scripture and the Fathers of the Church."

Speaking of Capital and Labour, Pope Leo XIII wrote : "It is only by the labour of working-men that States grow rich." When "Capital, however, was long able to appropriate too much to itself," and "claimed all the products and profits," it was no wonder that the Church should have stepped in to defend the workers. Cheap leaders who battered upon the wrongs of the poor by herding them into Socialistic organizations merely deepened the bitterness between employers and employed. Pope Leo had declared : "The earth even though apportioned amongst private owners ceases not thereby to minister to the needs of all. But an un-Christian battle has been waged between the two camps. As Pius XI expresses it : "the wealthy" on the one hand think "they should receive everything and the worker nothing." The others "seek to abolish all forms of ownership."

What is the solution ? Pius XI suggests something to the vitriolic camps : "Each one, therefore, must receive his due share, and the distribution of created goods must be brought into conformity with the demands of the common good or social justice. For every sincere observer is conscious that, on account of the vast difference between the few who hold excessive wealth and the many who live in destitution, the distribution of wealth is to-day gravely defective."

Conditions have improved somewhat says Pius XI, referring to "the number of needy proletarians whose groans rise from earth to heaven." But see all the improvements still needed. He continues : "There is the immense army of agricultural wage-earners whose condition is depressed in the extreme and who have no hope of ever obtaining 'any share in the land.' These also, unless appropriate and efficacious remedies be applied, will remain perpetually sunk in their proletarian condition."

Finally, take this defensive note from Pope Pius XI, as he lovingly addresses the workers among his children : "It is very true that proletarianism must be carefully distinguished from pauperism ; nevertheless, the immense number of proletarians on the one hand, and the enormous wealth of the very rich on the other, are an unanswerable argument that the material goods so abundantly produced in this age of industrialism are far from rightly distributed and equitably shared among the various classes of men."

Let proletarian conditions be overcome, says Pius XI, by allowing wage-earners to attain to property. Even before all else let the wage paid to the working-man be sufficient for the support of himself and of his family. This is a challenge to the false theorists and economists, who say : curtail the family (by immoral ungodly methods). Rather : better the wages and leave the sacred rights of the family alone. "Strikes and lock-outs are forbidden." Men are not to be crushed in the name of the survival of the fittest-purse. Socialism was at first red-hot. Now it is mild and wary. Some of its disciples broke with it, hence the Communists. Indeed, Pius XI declares that the Socialists have come nearer to the just demands of Christian social reformers at times. But Christianity can meet nobody half-way. Either God or Mammon : either the Church or Caesar—for Caesarism, Capitalism, and Communism are all of the one liberty-destroying ilk. "No one can be at the same time a sincere Catholic and a true Socialist," says our Holy Father.

In a fine passage the Pope condemns selfish wealth and sweat systems : "A much greater number than ever before, solely concerned with adding to their wealth by any means whatsoever, sought their own selfish interests above all things ; they had no scruple in committing the gravest crimes against others. Those who first entered upon this broad way which leads to destruction easily

found many imitators of their iniquity because of their apparent success, their extravagant display of wealth, their derision of what they called the baseless scruples of others and the crushing of more conscientious competitors. With the leaders of business abandoning the true path, it was easy for the working-class also to fall at times into the same abyss; all the more so, because very many employers treated their workmen as mere tools, without any concern for the welfare of their souls, indeed without the slightest thought of spiritual things."

The Pope refers to the horrors of factory life for young people and to the "disgraceful housing conditions." Even holy days can only be kept with difficulty, and the worker has "to obtain his daily bread in any way he can." Bodily labour, which can be for the good of man's soul and body "is in many instances changed into an instrument of perversion: for from the factory dead matter goes out improved, whereas men there are corrupted and degraded."

The Guilds in the Middle Ages joined employers and employed in the common bond of the Faith. Thus the sick and the impoverished were provided for, as Christ ordained; orphan children were tended; the dead were buried with godly respect and Masses and prayers were said for their souls, and dirges sung for their peace in Paradise. The object of the Guilds was to preserve the peace of Christ and right and liberty. There was no "working-class" as such: no conflict between Capitalism and Labour such as post-Reformation Europe has witnessed. No politician or Socialist of modern times has bettered the Guild system. How could he when he leaves out the soul? How could he when he treats not the body as the Temple of the Holy Ghost? *Share*, when others are in need, said St. Thomas Aquinas. Thus the charity of Christ urgeth all. Man is here to serve God and love his neighbour: neither his will nor his income is fixed. The spiritual and the material enter into his daily life, and, as St. Paul showed, there is a continual war and struggle between these two, but the spirit must triumph. St. Joseph used his hammer and saw: the Communist uses hammer and saw. But St. Joseph did it to the glory of God and for love of the family in Christ: the Communist does it for the greater glory of the U.S.S.R. and for a golden reign of tractors and tanks—and if he doesn't, his head is only deemed worth a whack of the sickle or his brains a blow of the hammer. That is why Popes from the age of the Catacombs to the coming of Communism have defended the freedom of the workers against the inroads of every insane "ism."

*****©*****

Passionist Missions and Retreats

MAY AND JUNE, 1936—SUPPLEMENTARY LIST.

Downpatrick, Co. Down	FF. Herman and Hilary.
Glassdrummond, Co. Down	FF. Frederick, Ignatius & Paschal.
Cullyhanna, Co. Armagh	FF. Daniel and Isidore.
Ligoniel, Belfast	Fr. Kieran.
Ladies' Retreat, Drumalis, Larne, Co. Antrim	Fr. Gerald.
Do. do. do. do.	Fr. Jarlath.
Girls' do. do. do. do.	Fr. Ephrem.
E. de M., do. do. do. do.	Fr. Sylvius.
Children do. do. do. do.	Fr. Dominic.
Pioneers, Kiltimagh, Co. Mayo	Fr. Hilary.
E. de M., H. Faith Convent, Clyde Road, Dublin	Fr. Albert.
Nurses, Children's Hospital, Cappagh, Co. Dublin	Fr. Terence.
Inmates, Little Sisters of the Poor, Glasgow	Fr. Peter Paul.
St. Margaret's Convent, Whitehouse, Loan, Edinburgh	Fr. Dominic.
Children, Foxrock, Co. Dublin	Fr. Gerard.
Do. Convent of Mercy, Strabane, Co. Tyrone	Fr. Sylvius.
Do. Sacred Heart Convent, Mt. Anville, Dundrum	Fr. Gerard.
Do. Our Lady's Mount, Harold's Cross	Fr. Albert.

The Real ~ ~ Awakening

How Doris Grey and her friend
Marjorie made a holiday dis-
covery that changed their lives.

FRANCES BERINGTON

THE little car climbed panting to the top of the hill.
"Oh, but how glorious!" exclaimed one of the occupants, a tall, fair girl, clutching her companion's arm. "Doris, did you ever see anything so fascinating?"

Doris pulled up, and gazed at the scene before her. A deep tree-clad valley ran down beneath them, its banks fringed with delicate pale green ferns. A grove of oaks ran down nearly to the edge of the stream, while far away on the horizon the silvery blue of the Atlantic shimmered in the sun.

"But it's absolutely entrancing, and look, to crown it all, that lovely old house beyond the grove. Oh, Marjorie, let's leave the car here, and go down and reconnoitre."

Marjorie willingly agreed. It was all so peaceful and quiet, there was no one about, the car would be all right, as they would only be absent a few minutes. Running lightly down the hill and skirting the grove at the bottom, the two girls found themselves before an old iron gateway. Inside was a grass plot bordered by a bright flower bed, and in the background stood a venerable gray stone house. Its walls were partially covered with creepers, and the sun glinted across the deep mullioned windows. A heavy nail-studded oak door guarded the entrance.

"What a perfect old house!" exclaimed Marjorie, "how I should love to explore it, but somehow it looks rather forbidding."

Doris gazed fascinated.

"Can't we go and ring the bell and ask the way?"

"Oh, no," said Marjorie, "I really daren't. Suppose some ancient retainer came out and ordered us off! I should expire on the spot."

They both laughed.

"Well, anyhow we must find out something about it. There is a farm just at the bend of the road. Let us go there and ask for some milk, and make discreet enquiries."

"A brilliant idea," agreed Doris; and in a few moments they were at the door of the thatched house. A tawny sheep dog lying asleep in the porch, looked up, blinked his eyes and resumed his slumbers as the girls approached. From the back of the farm kitchen a woman in a pink sun-bonnet appeared.

"Good afternoon" ventured Marjorie tentatively. "It's—er—very hot, and we have been wondering whether you could let us have a glass of milk?"

"Certainly. Certainly, me dears, come in. Down Gip," as the dog rose and stretched himself. "Sit down an' rest an' welcome, an' I'll go an' fetch the milk."

The pink sun-bonnet disappeared into the back regions.

"This is luck," whispered Marjorie. "The milk will be refreshing, and she looks a kind old thing, and is sure to be able to tell us about the house."

In a few moments their hostess was back with a tray on which was a yellow jug full of golden creamy milk, and a dish of Cornish cakes.

"But how kind—we never meant to put you to all this trouble," murmured the girls.

"No trouble, me dears, but a pleasure," answered the old woman, setting down the tray.

Marjorie and Doris thoroughly enjoyed their impromptu meal.

"What a beautiful spot this is," said Marjorie. "It's all so peaceful and out of the world. And that's a heavenly old house," she added.

The woman smiled.

"Oh, it's not a house, it's a convent," she began ambiguously, when the girls interrupted her excitedly.

"A convent? That means a nunnery, doesn't it?"

"If you like to call it that," said the good lady indifferently. "It's all the same—anyhow them as lives there is nuns," she declared finally.

"Oh, but how interesting, and how pathetic. Poor creatures, walled up there, in the midst of this lovely scenery," exclaimed Doris.

Their hostess laughed outright.

"Oh, they ain't walled up," she said, "they goes about inside the grounds, an' they've got quite a nice garden, I've heard tell. Mr. Brown, as lives in the cottage yonder, is their gardener, an' he do say as it's very pleasant in summer in there."

"But don't they ever come out into the village?" asked Doris.

"No never," answered Mrs. Wood—for that, they found, was the name of their buxom hostess. "An' they say as they don't want to neither, think o' that, not wantin' to go to the Flower Show nor the Sports nor nuthin'. But they're very nice ladies I hear tell, and they're so kind, if anyone's in trouble sendin' out things an' that, for all they do shut theirselves up so," she finished, pausing for breath.

"Oh, I'd love to see that convent, but I suppose we can't?" asked Doris.

"Oh, no, me dear, nobody goes inside except the relations, and them only just inside the door. But you can go into the chapel, and that's as far as you'll get," she added.

The girls finished their milk, thanked Mrs. Wood, who would not hear of taking anything in the way of payment, and went out.

"Let us go into the chapel and see as much as we can . . . that must be the door," said Marjorie.

Doris pushed it open. Awe-struck they entered into the deep silence. A beautiful marble altar faced them, before which swung a silver lamp, its ruby light sending a glow across the polished floor. A wooden grille was let into the wall on the left side of the altar, whilst opposite stood a beautiful statue crowned and blue clad of the Virgin Mother. Almost involuntarily both girls knelt down speechless, immersed in the peace and holiness surrounding them and, had they known it, of the Presence there. Marjorie was the first to move.

"Doris, it's wonderful."

But Doris did not seem to hear. With her face buried in her hands she knelt motionless, until Marjorie touched her on the shoulder.

"Come dear," she said.

"The nuns," Marjorie whispered, pointing to the grille. "That must be where they are. Oh, how I wish we could see them, but I don't suppose there is much chance of that. There is a curtain I see, behind the grille. They are there!"

Doris nodded.

"Let us go," she said, "it must be getting late."

Silently they made their way out, and did not speak again until they were beyond the convent precincts, and in the road. Then Marjorie sighed.

"Well, it beats me," she exclaimed. "I don't pretend to understand it all. What a life! and yet what an atmosphere of peace and a kind of joy. Did you find it, Doris?"

"Yes," said Doris, "I did, but I don't feel somehow as if I wanted to talk about it yet. I'm afraid it may go, and I want to keep it."

They climbed into the car, Marjorie took the wheel, and they were soon spinning through the scented dusk towards the seaside town where they were spending their holiday. That evening they sat together in the twilight garden of the hotel. The air was heavy with the scent of pinks and roses and the Atlantic splashed in foamy waves on the rocks far down beneath the garden.

"Well, it has been a wonderful day, Doris," said Marjorie, "what with that valley and that dear old woman, and that fascinating convent."

"And that chapel," put in Doris, quietly. "Marjorie, I should so like to know more about the lives of those nuns. A feeling came over me as we knelt in the chapel that there is hidden away there something very wonderful. I think that nice Mrs. Digby who is staying in the hotel is a Roman Catholic, as I heard her asking the time of Mass at their church last Sunday. Shall we ask her about the convent?"

"Nothing easier," smiled Marjorie. "She is sitting over there under the lime tree."

The two girls approached the pleasant-faced, white-haired woman who smiled as they came up.

"Come and sit down, my dears," she said, "and tell me what exploring you have been doing this glorious day."

Soon they were deep in the story of the afternoon's wanderings.

"Yes," said Mrs. Digby, "I have known that convent well for years. It is one of the attractions I have in this part of the world. I love the nuns, too."

"Do you know them?" asked Marjorie, thrilled.

"Yes, I know the Reverend Mother and several of the nuns. They are just saints, and the most cheerful happy people in the world."

"But *what* a life," persisted Marjorie, "shut up within those walls and never seeing anybody except an occasional relation, and living in the midst of that lovely country and never being able to wander in those lanes. I can understand to a certain extent, Roman Catholic nuns who go out and visit the poor and *do things*," she finished up, rather lamely.

"My child," replied the elder woman, gently, "forgive me for saying there is something you do *not* understand. That quiet chapel hidden away in the leafy valley is a power-house for the good of souls and for the world at large. Those nuns do for the world what the world is too careless and indifferent to do for itself—they *pray*. That is their work, a work so great, and so important, Marjorie, that beside it all the philanthropies of the world fade into insignificance. Never until we get beyond the grave shall we know the countless number of souls who owe their salvation to the contemplative Orders of the Catholic Church."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Digby," murmured Marjorie. "You have put quite a new aspect of life before me. I think I understand now something of the beauty and usefulness of those nuns' lives."

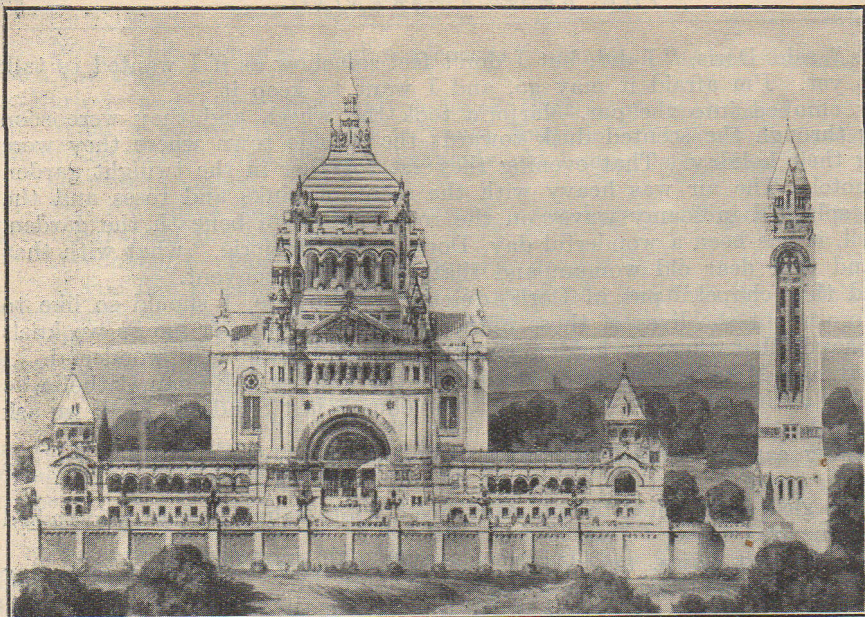
Doris sat strangely silent, but a radiant light shone in her eyes.

Four years later, Mrs. Digby and Marjorie again sat in the hotel garden on a summer's evening, and again the birds sang, roses scented the air, and the Atlantic broke on the cliffs, but much had changed in Marjorie Wilmot's life.

She is now a fervent Catholic, and that morning had assisted with Mrs. Digby at a beautiful ceremony in the peaceful convent chapel in the valley, which had changed Doris Grey into radiant Sister Mary Veronica of the Sacred Heart.

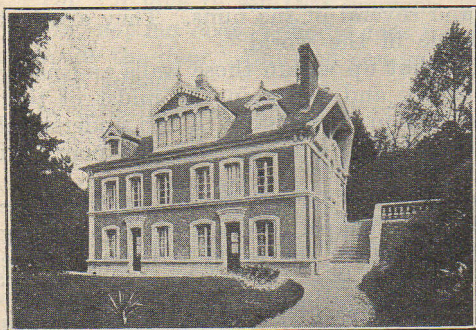
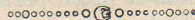
Spiritual Privileges

All the promoters and supporters of this Magazine participate in the benefits of 434 Masses specially offered every year for benefactors, by the Passionist Fathers, as well as in the prayers and good works performed daily by all members of the Congregation of the Cross and Passion.

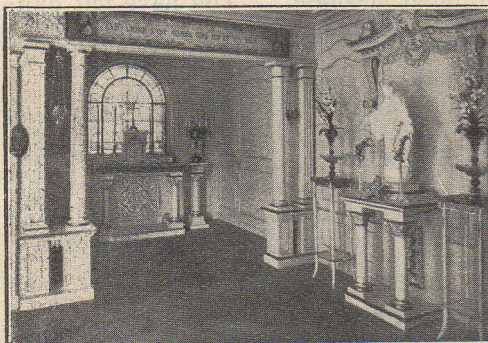


THE NEW BASILICA AT LISIEUX

A Pilgrimage to Lisieux



Home of St. Thérèse.



An Oratory in the Saint's Home.

Readers of *The Cross* will be interested to learn of a Pilgrimage to Lisieux, which will leave Ireland on July 12th. Sponsored by the Apostolic Work, Belfast, an association to assist needy Foreign Missions by prayer and gifts in kind, this pilgrimage to the shrine of the Patroness of the Foreign Missions is especially appropriate. It will serve a threefold purpose: it is an expression of Irish devotion to the "Little Flower," an act of thanksgiving for past favours and a means of stimulating the Apostolic Work Association to still greater efforts in the future. Already the Apostolic Work has behind it a noble record of twelve years of work for the Foreign Missions.

The pilgrimage, which is under the patronage of Most Rev. Dr. Mageean, Bishop of Down and Connor, will be under the leadership of a veteran Missionary Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. Shanahan, C.S.Sp.

From Belfast, the fare is £8 15s. 0d. Arrangements have been made to enrol as spiritual associates, those who are unable to go to Lisieux but who may wish to join the pilgrimage in spirit. Associate leaflets and further particulars can be obtained from the Pilgrimage Secretary, Veritas House, 7/8, Lr. Abbey St., Dublin, or from the Secretary, Apostolic Work, St. Mary's Hall, Bank Street, Belfast.

Saints and Heroes

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STANLEY B. JAMES

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To-day the virtues of the warrior are boldly extolled as superior to those of the saint. Love and mercy and peace are derided as "effeminate." A military code is substituted for the Beatitudes.
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IN concentrating our attention on the chief Object of the crucifixion scene we are apt to miss the suggestiveness of the little group standing at the foot of the Cross. Certain present-day tendencies make that corner of the picture specially significant.

If we had been there it is possible that at first we might have scarcely observed the women with St. John. Faces contorted with hatred would have thrust themselves between us and the weeping disciples. The quiet sobbing of these mourners would have been drowned in cries of fanatical hatred. Our Western civilization, it may be said, scarcely knows fanaticism of the type there shown. The spitting, thrusting out of tongues and wagging of heads are gestures alien to us. The deep growling of greybeards whose eyes gloated in the sight of suffering, the shrill cries of men, the white of whose eyes gleamed in contrast to faces dark with passion, and who in the ecstasy of their hate, tore their own garments, the surging of this turbulent crowd which, but for the cordon of Roman soldiers, would have stormed the Cross itself as some angry sea flings itself upon a rock in mid-ocean—these and like signs are almost beyond our imagining. But we have learned how peoples claiming to be civilised, under stress of a racial fanaticism, can behave. We have seen the very nation which crucified Jesus made in recent days the victim of pogroms which spared neither women nor children, and we have heard learned men in high positions justify and exalt such racial hatred as manifestations of a new religion. It is not new; it is at least as old as Calvary. The pitilessness of those who killed the "King of the Jews" has been repeated in the twentieth century. The "patriotic" fervour which hounded to death the holiest and most gracious Being who ever lived has had its imitators in bloodthirsty mobs tracking down helpless old men and mothers carrying their babes through the labyrinths of European ghettos. The anti-Semitism of modern nationalists has been a not unsuccessful revival of the passion which stormed round the Cross.

But there was another element in the crowd which, bearing in mind the tendencies active among ourselves, is worthy of our attention. Those brawny, coarse-featured Roman soldiers embodied the pagan virtues of militarism which it is the fashion of our times to glorify. This is written to the accompaniment of echoes from a war meant to revive the traditions of Roman imperialism. Cults rampant in Europe to-day exalt brutality as a sign of heroism. Mercy is decried as "womanly" and unworthy of manhood. War, we are told, is the nursery of the manly virtues and only those nations will survive which are trained in its discipline. The advocates of these doctrines dispute with the Church the right to train youths. Boys of tender age are taken from the care of those who would rear them according to the Christian ideals of love, forgiveness and peace, and, putting rifles in their young hands, teach them instead how to shoot.

Let it be clearly understood that the militaristic cult of our age is something quite different from the warlike spirit of the Middle Ages. In medieval times, it must be granted, war was incessant. Dynastic quarrels concerning rights of succession, campaigns for the acquisition of fresh territory, and civil wars between king and nobles or nobles and commons fill the pages of medieval history. B1

though men went to war, they did not declare that the warrior was superior to the priest, they did not give first place to the hero, but reserved this for the saint. If they built castles that were also fortresses they also built cathedrals. Even though they might act differently themselves, the soldiers of those times honoured the Prince of Peace and realised that His servants, priests, monks, friars and the like, represented a higher ideal. It was an ideal which they could not reach, but they did not for that reason deny it. Christianity remained the religion of the land though the weakness of human nature might make its practice seem impossible. Thus, while the standards of Christian love remained there was always hope that character and conduct might learn to conform thereto. Even a profession of Christianity, so long as it is not hypocritical, is better than nothing, though the practice of it lag a long way behind.

But to-day, in the cases instanced, both profession and practice have been thrown over. The virtues of the warrior are boldly set over against those of the saint as something superior. Love and mercy and peace are openly derided as "effeminate" qualities. The military code is substituted for the Beatitudes. Men do not merely practise paganism, as they have done in all ages; they profess it. It is this modern cult which is represented at the foot of the Cross by the Roman soldiers on guard.

In strong contrast with the rabble and the soldiery is that little group to which reference has been made. It would seem, as we glance at them, that they justify what has been said concerning the "effeminacy" of Christianity. The sole representatives of Christ's following on that occasion were women and a man whom tradition always pictures as distinguished by an almost womanly face and bearing. St. John is the apostle of love. It was not he but St. Peter who drew the sword in the Garden of Gethsemane. Not to him belonged the impulsive leadership of the man who had been styled "the Rock." He lurks in the background of the drama that preceded the Passion. It is therefore natural to find him in the company of these women disciples. Scoffers might say that it was where he belonged, and draw the deduction that the attraction of the Cross is only for weaklings and that the virile are not to be found in its neighbourhood.

But the remarkable thing is that it is just this group which, on this occasion, of all those present, was displaying the most courage. Neither the crowd of fanatics nor the squad of soldiers had anything to fear by being there. But to associate oneself with the crucified Nazarene, the object of all that murderous hatred, was to court death. It was just fear of the consequences of such an association which had driven the valiant Peter to deny his Lord. The disdainful accents of a serving-maid intimating that he was a friend of the condemned Prisoner had been enough to intimidate him. But here was, not a serving-maid, but, a crowd of wild beasts thirsting for blood. St. John and the women were at the very centre of a storm that did not spare God Himself. If the raging passions of the crowd had been unleashed by any neglect of duty on the part of the guard they might have been torn to pieces and trampled under foot. There is something demoniac in the fury of a mob which does not know what it is doing. It will commit crimes under the dominance of its passions which seem incredible when we read of them in cold blood. We have only to think of the horrors committed in the name of Liberty by the French Revolution or of the pogroms which took place under the Russian Revolution to realise the atrocities of which an infuriated crowd indoctrinated by its masters can be guilty. Brave men accustomed to war have quailed when they have heard the cries of human bloodhounds storming through the streets of a city in revolution and have shivered when they have realised how fierce was the mania for destruction which threatened them. Yet St. John and his companions, listening to the baying of the "hounds," stood their ground unmoved.

It was not mere physical courage. It is doubtful whether they possessed more

than their share of this. Under ordinary circumstances it is probable that they would have displayed no more than ordinary fortitude in the presence of physical danger. Nor was it simply what is known as moral courage. Fanatics, bigots, opinionated minorities of all kinds have given evidence of this. It is neither a beautiful nor a great thing and has been associated sometimes with stubbornness and wrong-headedness. The courage of this little company was inspired by self-forgetting love, and that love was of a supernatural character. It had nothing to do with any sort of natural quality. It has been shown by people who were temperamentally timid. The annals of the martyrs are full of instances of those regarded by their fellows as weak and faint-hearted, undismayed by stake and gallows. The threats of their judges, the gloom and solitude of their prisons and the horrors of the torture chamber have been impotent to affect their staunch fidelity. The courage of popular heroes pales beside the story of Christ's witnesses. When we read how Campion and his fellow-martyrs under Queen Elizabeth went smiling to their deaths, forgiving their enemies and thanking their executioners for the service they were about to render, the exploits of seamen like Drake and Raleigh (so loudly proclaimed by historians of Elizabethan times) look commonplace. There is a splendour in the daring of supernatural love that no merely human heroism can touch. The heroes of brawn and muscle strutting on the stage of war can never rival the "weaklings" who have suffered for the Faith. The courage of the "effeminate" St. John and his women associates throws into the shade the hardihood even of Caesar's legionaries.

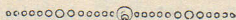
It may be noted in confirmation of this that when bravery of the Christian sort has met paganism on its own ground it is not the devotees of "manliness" that have conquered. Tried by the test of actual warfare, the soldiers of the Cross proved superior to the warriors of Thor and Odin. The inferiority of the cult which it is now the fashion to revive was proved as far back as the Dark Ages. In those Ages, the paganism of the North made a valiant attempt to stem the progress of Christianity. The vikings of Scandinavia descended on the coasts of Britain bearing the banner of the black raven and massacring with special ferocity any of those "shaven men" (as they called the monks) whom they might find. They were met by a Saxon King, weakened by a disease which undermined his physical strength, who is known to history as Alfred the Great. Alfred was not only a soldier but a great ruler and, reckoned by the standards of his age, a scholar. Above all, he was a Christian who, when defeat stared him in the face and his following was reduced to a handful of thanes, relied on the help of heaven, and once more assailed his pagan foes, and finally subdued them.

So far from womanhood being deficient in courage, it may be said that in one respect its courage is superior to that of men. A woman will stand by a defeated man when all the rest of the world deserts him. A loyalty due to love is only strengthened when the object of it is reckoned a failure and needs affection. A woman fights cheerfully on the losing side. She is naturally the champion of the despised and rejected. There is a sense in which she is always at the foot of the cross on which die this world's failures.

Besides the special quality of her love there is another reason for this. Man is valiant in action, but easily depressed when there is nothing to do but watch and wait. He cannot endure inaction. The passive attitude tries his courage more than the fiercest of struggles. But woman is at her best when things are so bad that there remains only the consolation of keeping vigil. Hour by hour she can sit by the sick bed with folded hands, ready if the beloved calls, but willing merely to be at hand in case of need. For her inspiration she does not need the excitement of the conflict. But when the battle is over and the warriors have withdrawn she steals on to the battlefield to tend the wounded and the dying. It is in the watches of the night that her patient courage is shown. And

that is a higher form of courage than that which needs the incentive of strife. The soldier who fights an undecided battle can at least hope for the reward of victory, but the woman is content to perform her task without even that consolation. Her love and sympathy are their own reward, and all that she asks. It was this kind of love in its supernaturalised form that was shown by St. John and the women at the Cross.

Look again at the picture—the rabid, howling mob, the stolid, brutal soldiers, the passive strength that defied the whole world, risking life itself, to stand by the Son of God in His agony! And remember that we are looking at a picture which is always recurring and is one which the world presents at this present moment. It is one of those periods when Holy Church, surrounded by loud-voiced enemies, can only suffer in silence. Action of any kind seems forbidden. But we can wait. We can watch. We can pray. And it is because we can do these things that we shall finally triumph. It was to the women who had been with Him in His last hours that the Risen Christ first appeared. They had not asked for this reward, but it was given them. The kings of the earth may assail the Lord's Anointed and the multitude mock His truth, but if we desert Him not in His hour of need and have the patience and courage to tend Him in His defeat, we shall have the joy of being the heralds of the Easter Morn.



The King went Riding

The King went riding
One morning in spring,
And out from its hiding
Came every wee thing:
The ant and the beetle,
The turtle, the snail,
And the wee field-mouse
With its turned-up tail.
Out they came hurrying,
The slow and the fast,
For the King was coming
And would soon go past.
And running surprisingly
Close to the best
Was the little blind mole
In his shiny vest.

Alas! the wee creatures
Grew sad when He came,
For they saw in His Features
But sorrow and shame;
The ant and the beetle
The turtle, the snail,
And the wee field-mouse
With its drooping tail.
And the lark with her melody
Stuck in her breast
Flew down broken-hearted
To hide in her nest.
“O, what is the matter?
Why doesn't she sing?”
Sighed the little blind mole,
The poor, wee thing!

O' the King came riding
That morning to town,
And the flowers from their hiding
Sprung up and bowed down;
He came on a donkey
Along the parade
In a plain woven garment
His Mother had made.
No crown was He wearing
But lo! in its stead
A rim of bright sunlight
Encircled His Head.
And the lark from the meadow
Rose high in the sky
To tell the wee birdlings
When He drew nigh.

Ah, the King came riding
And people around
Were strewing palm branches
And cloaks on the ground.
They sought to bedeck Him
In gold and braid
In place of the garment
That Mary had made;
But the King kept riding,
Riding still
With His sad Eyes fixed
On a lone, green hill.
To a low, green hill
And a leafless tree
The King went riding
For you—and me.

The Forgotten Man Prays

PATRICK J. FLYNN

(The scene is within a church, any church. The time is any time. There enters a humble and tired-looking man. You have seen him before. Perhaps you know him. Kneeling down, he gazes momentarily at the tabernacle, and then drops his head into his hands. He is praying. . . .)

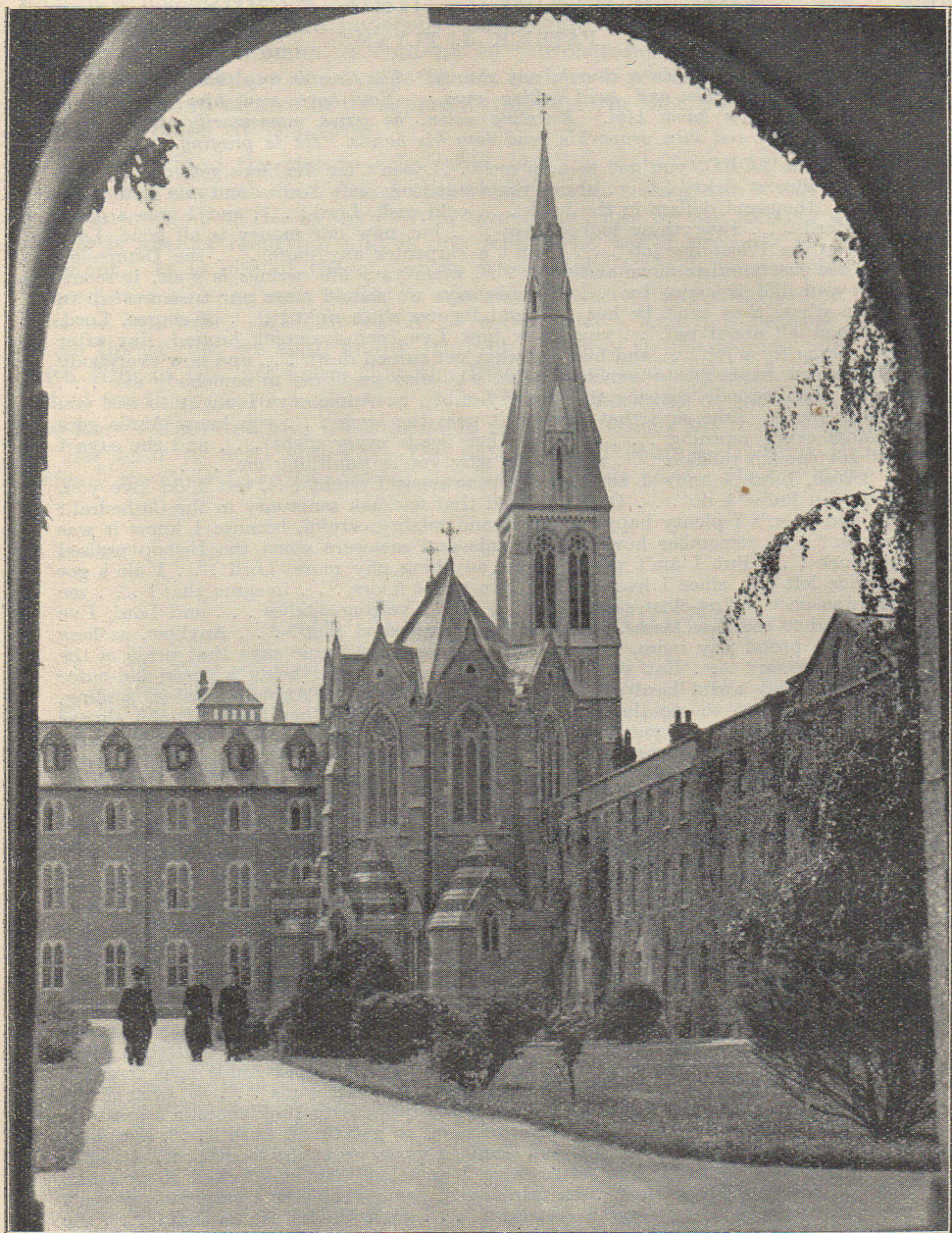
"DEAR LORD, you got to help me! . . . don't let the blues get me . . . I'm almost licked! . . . three years ago, my wife Annie and me had three thousand dollars in the bank . . . cold cash, Lord! . . . and I was a great carpenter! . . . Everything looked rosy . . . but now our money is all gone, Lord . . . you see I lost my job . . . I ain't a carpenter any more . . . the Depression made me just another down-and-outer . . . when your life savings is gone, it seems as if your life is gone, too . . . Annie says we should store our treasures up in heaven where they can't be lost . . . and I guess she's right! . . . of course, Lord, you know all about us . . . you know how I've been tramping around, day after day, asking for a job . . . and how I always get turned down . . . and how everybody I go to just sends me to somebody else, who also sends me to somebody else . . . That's what we call 'passing the buck,' Lord! . . . Annie says I ought to ask you to help me . . . she says that you don't pass the buck . . . you know Annie goes to Mass every morning . . . and says her beads every night . . . and she says I ain't got enough religion . . . and that's why you're punishing me. . . .

"Well, Lord, I know I ain't always been what I ought . . . but I do love you, Lord, you know I do . . . Didn't I build that fine oak sanctuary in the Cathedral? . . . and wasn't I plenty happy about it and mighty careful, because I knew it was for you? . . . remember how proud Annie and me were when the Bishop praised my work . . . But I ain't proud about anything any more, Lord . . . I ain't got no pride left . . . since I lost my job, I've swept floors . . . imagine that! . . . me who was once a first-class carpenter! . . . and I've dug ditches . . . and Lord, I've even tried to sell shoe laces . . . even Annie laughed at that! . . . Anyhow, as long as I ain't proud any more, I don't care . . . because Annie says that pride is the devil's own sin! . . . But you know, Lord, I don't mind being a down-and-outer myself, but it's awful hard on Annie and the kids . . . Annie keeps on smiling, Lord, but I hate to see the silver threads creeping into her hair . . . she always had dandy golden hair, you know . . . and there's Joe and Mary! . . . Joe, he wants to go to college next year . . . and Lord, I wish he could . . . I ain't got much learning myself and was never exposed to a big education, but it's nice to know that somebody in the family knows something! . . .

"And Mary! . . . She wants to be a nun . . . that makes her mother happy . . . it makes me happy, too, because I like nuns . . . 'Black angels' I calls them, because they wear black robes and bring Annie things for us to eat . . . as for me Lord, I ain't what I used to be, not so strong as I was . . . And so if anything happens to me, promise, Lord, you'll take care of Annie and the kids . . . don't mind me crying like this, Lord! . . . it makes me feel better . . . but I ain't a crier . . . I ain't cried since the day my pal Eddie fell dead at my side on the battlefield in France . . . Poor Eddie, have mercy on his soul, Lord! . . . I wonder if Eddie would be a down-and-outer, too, and looking for a job, if he were here now? . . . well, I ain't got much more to say except maybe I ought to say that I'm going to do better by you from now on, Lord . . . Father Riley says that you said we should seek the Kingdom of God and His justice first! . . . and then other things like food and clothes would be given to us . . . and Annie says that she doesn't care what we lose as long as we don't lose our souls . . . so, even if the bad breaks make Annie and me lose our home down here they shouldn't make us lose our home in heaven . . . please help us to get there, Lord! . . . and with Mary praying in a convent for me and Annie, I guess we ought to make it, all right.

"You know, Lord, I feel better since I came in here and talked to you like this . . . and say, Lord, I just been thinking . . . you were once a carpenter, weren't you? . . . just like I was once a carpenter! . . . guess I'll tell Annie that! . . . she says the Blessed Virgin was a good house-keeper . . . and I don't forget that the one who took care of you and your good mother was just a poor old carpenter like me . . . St. Joseph! . . . One more thing Lord . . . I know that they call you a lot of great names . . . Christ the Saviour . . . and Christ the King . . . but I wonder if you'd mind if I when we're here alone like this . . . if I just called you . . . Christ the Workman! it kind of helps us poor down-and-outers to think of you as a workman, you know . . . I'd better be going now, but I'm coming back every day . . . because I need you bad now . . . and as Annie says you don't pass the buck! . . . good-bye now, Lord!"

(With acknowledgment to THE SIGN, Union City, N.J.)



Maynooth College

A picturesque view of Ireland's world-famous ecclesiastical seminary.

(Photo by Independent Newspapers, Ltd., Dublin).

An Evening at Maynooth

W. J. FITZPATRICK

*A visit to Maynooth College helps
one to realise what the Church is
to the Irish nation in Ireland and
to the Irish race wherever it has
made its home :: :: ::*

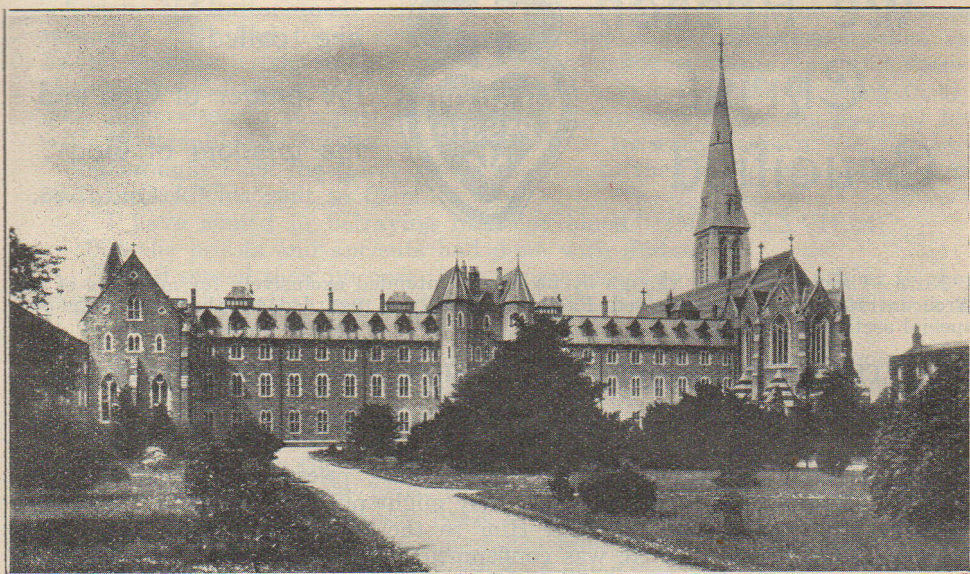
MAYNOOTH is something less than twenty miles from Dublin, and I found a cycle run to it through the valley of the Liffey very pleasant. You cross the Phoenix Park, getting out by the Knockmaroon gate, and pass along the Strawberry Beds into Lucan by the left bank of the river through a bit of country not to be surpassed for placid loveliness in all Ireland. Willows and little ash bushes hang dreamily on the edge of the stream, and thousands of white elderberry saucers scent the balmy air. At Lucan you leave the river, but a mile or so further on join it again in the delightful demesne of Colonel Vesey, through which you ride along the right bank into Leixlip, wondering if the slowly-moving water is olive-coloured or brown, or amber, or alternately now one and now the other, or a combination of all. Here the young lady in the tidy village inn, on a chair a-polishing a picture, tells you politely, while going on with her work, that "Ma-neuth is about four miles off," and that you may ride the whole way on the footwalk, as no guard would bother himself interfering with you; which statement you find afterwards is partly confirmed by the fact that no guard is to be seen during the journey. A mile from the town you pick out, ahead of you in the distance, the tall Gothic spire of the church, which is the glory of what Cardinal Newman, I think, described as the greatest Catholic ecclesiastical seminary in the world; and presently, on your right, as you enter Maynooth's main street, you pass the entrance to Carton, the residence of the Duke of Leinster, with its far-stretching avenue and noble trees. *Vis-a-vis* to Carton, at the other end of the village, is the college, but before you pass in you will probably dismount, as I did, and have a look at the great old Norman keep which sits sentinel at its entrance; and appropriately enough too. For it was built there by a Catholic Geraldine in the thirteenth century, and it stands to this day close up to the college walls as a reminder of the fact that it was William Robert, second Duke of Leinster and twenty-first Earl of Kildare, who solved the problem of a local habitation and a name for the seminary, which the Irish Parliament had decided in 1794 should be established for the education of the Catholic Divinity students of the country. It reminds one, too, of how this Catholic College was brought into existence, and by a Parliament exclusively Protestant. At that time four hundred Irish students going in for the priesthood were always in the Irish Colleges on the Continent—Lisbon, Salamanca, Seville, Madrid, Louvain, Paris, and Rome. Burke had expressed his strong disapprobation of a policy which permitted these young Irishmen to be educated abroad in the midst of revolutionary ideas, and his views were approved of by many men both in Ireland and England. It was in this way that the politics and events of the day, both at home and on the Continent, had an intimate connection with the establishment of Maynooth. The United Irish Society was growing stronger every day, and French principles were rapidly spreading. On the evening of the 1st of November, 1792, for instance, when the news of the victory of Dumourier at Valmy reached Dublin, many parts of the city were at once illuminated. The next year a measure of Catholic relief was passed, and in 1794, Lord Fitzwilliam was sent over as a Viceroy, prepared to meet and deal generously with the claims of Catholics. However, he had not quite inaugurated this policy when he was recalled at the

instance of the reactionary and anti-Catholic elements on both sides of the sea. To Lord Camden, who succeeded, the Episcopacy presented a memorial, the preamble of which pointed out that the Catholic clergy of Ireland had never been charged with disaffection to the State, or irregularity in their conduct. The memorial went on to say that foreign colleges where Irish Divinity students had hitherto been taught, were now nearly all closed and their revenues confiscated by the revolutionary government; but even if they had remained open, it was added, it would no longer be safe to send Irish students there, as they might be contaminated by the contagion of sedition and infidelity, "and thus become the means of introducing into this country the pernicious maxims of a licentious philosophy." The signatories proceeded to ask for a royal licence to be issued empowering the Catholic body to start seminaries for the education of their clergy. The proposal to establish a National College was made in March 1795, but it was by no means popular with all classes. However, the Bishops wanted priests at any cost; the Government thought they had better be trained at home; and the United Irishmen favoured the idea because they believed such an institution would be a centre of national thought. The Bill provided a grant of £8,000 a year, and received the Royal assent in June. It was a great relief, says Archbishop Healy, of Tuam, the historian of the college, to the minds of the Irish prelates of the time. "They had as yet no other colleges, so that if Maynooth had not been founded the state of things would have become very alarming—worse even than in the worst days of the Penal Laws. Danes, Normans, Tudors, Puritans, Williamites, Hanoverians, had each in turn a blow at the Irish schools; but the French Revolution would have proved a worse foe than any of them had not Providence, in the day of sorest need, opened Maynooth College, when every other door was closed." In order to open it, however, it was necessary to find a site, and this, as I have already said, was supplied by the Duke of Leinster, who gave a lease, at a nominal rent, of 58 acres, which lay within gunshot of Carton gates. It is curious to think in this connection that the Fitzgerald who built the old keep I have just referred to was regarded as one of the greatest church-builders of his time. But he was more than that if we may believe the old couplet:

"Maurice Fitzgerald, the scorner of danger,
The scourge of the Gael, and the strength of the stranger."

The front entrance to Maynooth passed, one sees at once that the buildings which accommodate the students have something of the old-world scholastic air about them. They were designed by Pugin in the Gothic style of the 13th century, and already look venerable with Time's touches. The church is in a spot selected by Pugin, with a view to orientation, but was designed, not by him, but by his pupil, the late J. J. MacCarthy, R.H.A., and is a beautiful specimen of early 14th century Gothic. The two features of the church that one notes are the exquisite spire—the highest of its kind, I am told, in Ireland—and the interior design. What appear from the outside as aisles are only lateral cloisters formed in the arched buttresses. There is no nave, but a vast choir, no less than 454 stalls, in carved oak, being arranged in tiers rising on either side of the central passage of the sanctuary. In regard to the number of the stalls, Dr. Healy proudly declares that Maynooth is without a rival, even on the Continent. Amiens has only 116; Cologne has about the same; and few Protestant cathedrals have more than half. There is a fine stained glass rose window in the western gable after the manner of the cathedrals of France, which lends an added beauty to what is probably the most perfect modern church in Ireland.

My visit was paid on the day of the meeting of the Maynooth Union. Except for an odd priest in biretta and soutane occasionally seen crossing one or other of the quadrangles, the place seemed to be deserted, for the 600 students had



MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.
Showing the West Wing and the College Chapel.

just gone on their summer holidays ; but it was not deserted by any means, for I soon found that in one of the large halls several hundreds of priests, under the presidency of a bishop, were listening to one of those courageous addresses that are now so frequent at the Maynooth Union.

I made a tour of the place and had the pleasure of seeing something of the social side of Maynooth, having been invited to dine in the great refectory with the members of the Union. It was a pleasant and very enjoyable feast, with the President of the College, in the chair, flanked by a number of bishops ; and if the after-dinner oratory was not perhaps as piquant as it sometimes is in lay companies under such circumstances, it was of the best type of Irish eloquence, brimming with wit and humour, and full of good nature and geniality. There was no smoking, but we had the college chorus, and plenty of Irish songs. I came back to Dublin feeling that I had spent a very pleasant, and, I hope, not unprofitable evening, and that I had realised, more than I had ever realised before, what the Church is to the Irish nation in Ireland, and to the Irish race wherever, in near lands or far, it has made its home.

.....©.....

The Sick Call

The wind blows blustering through bare bleak branches ;
The hail beats down on deeply-sodden soil ;
A girl walks quickly down the dripping path,
Without a look behind. The houses of
The village soon are reached, the hour is late ;
She turns and asks the keeper of the local store
The way to Father Brown's : " A sick call—urgent ! "
And on into the dark again she goes.

F. J. J.

“We Preach Christ Crucified”



“unto them that
are called . . .
the power of God and
the wisdom of God.”

1 Cor. I. 25.

NOTE—These two pages, though by no means intended exclusively for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, should be regarded by them as their own special section of *The Cross*.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

XVIII.—JESUS LED TO PILATE, WHILE JUDAS IS HANGING HIMSELF.

“And when morning was come all the chief priests and ancients of the people took council against Jesus that they might put Him to death. And they brought Him bound and delivered Him to the Governor. **Then, Judas, who betrayed Him, seeing that He was condemned: repenting himself, brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the High Priests and Ancients**” (Matt. XXVII, 1-3).

The Evangelist here using the term “Judas repenting himself,” does not mean repentance in the sense that we use the term; true repentance would have brought Judas to Jesus, and won him pardon and forgiveness; his “repenting himself” was only the natural remorse which occasionally, but not very often, drives the criminal to despair and suicide.

Judas had already passed the stage where grace can influence the soul to a repentance that is an efficacious sorrow for sin. His downward career had begun long before this—just when, we do not know; probably it had had such a trivial beginning he could not have told himself. Certainly, he was a good man when Jesus first called him to be an Apostle, yet it was not many months afterwards when Jesus told the Twelve: “One of you is a devil” (John VI, 71). But if Judas took heed of this he soon forgot; he made little or no effort, and his sin, becoming habitual, led to hardening of the heart, and thence to the deliberate planning of means to secure and satisfy his evil desires. As a result he recklessly disregarded all warnings, and finally, while still in the confidence of all the Apostles, and knowing that the watchful eye of Jesus was on him, he had sold his soul and his God to satisfy his passion.

But when Judas had accomplished his object, he found little pleasure, and no satisfaction in it. With his purse full and his heart empty, and without a friend, he followed in the crowd and witnessed the trial of Jesus before Caiphas and heard the sentence. Perhaps up to this he had expected that Jesus would save Himself, as Judas well knew He could. But when he followed the procession leading Jesus, still bound with ropes, to the Roman Governor, he realized that his Omnipotent Master was going to allow human events to take their natural course. The fearful consequences of his act staggered him. At the corner of a cross street he paused to think. If there was a chance of forgiveness he had still time to push his way up to his captive Master and beg for it.

Alone and unnoticed by the crowds he stood and thought it out. The beautiful life of Jesus as he had seen it; its tenderness, kindness and sympathy; the unselfish, heroic endeavour to save souls. The parables of the Good Shepherd; the prodigal son—the wonderful forbearance of Jesus under every wrong that men did to Him—and then the love and trust Jesus had bestowed on him. Oh! the memories, the memories of Judas!

Alone, the traitor stood—self-accused, self-rebuked, self-condemned ; unhappy, miserable. He had to do something, and like many conscience-stricken men, he did another wrong thing. . . . Instead of going to Jesus then and there on the street and frankly confessing his sin and asking forgiveness, which from his own observation in the past, he might have expected to get, he resolved to go with his troubles to his accomplices in sin : He turned down the side street “and brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and ancients” and confessed his guilt to them !

“I have sinned in betraying innocent blood” (Matt. XXVII, 4).

But the priests and ancients had done with Judas.

He had served their purpose : the consequences to him was nothing to them : they merely looked at him and dropped him with the sneer : “What is that to us ? Look thou to it.”

Judas was stunned ; he threw down the money ; all of it, not keeping enough even to buy a good rope, and distraught with remorse and black hopelessness, without a friend and without God, while his Victim was being accused before Pilate he rushed out of the city, down into the gorge of the Cedron, followed its gloomy course up the hill opposite Mount Sion, came out at the potter's field, looked down and saw the place where he had betrayed Jesus with a kiss, and that finished him. From some beast of burden near by, he stole a halter and hanged himself. But even the rope failed him, it broke, he fell, his body burst, and his bowels spilled over the “Field of blood.”

Meantime, the “priests and ancients” had a difficulty. What were they to do with the thirty silver coins ? They said : “It is not lawful to put them into the corbona, because it is the price of blood.” They had no scruples about shedding the “innocent blood” of Jesus, but their distorted consciences forbade them putting the price of that blood to the Temple use ! They dare not keep the money, and like Judas, they knew not what to do with it. . . . Again Judas came to their assistance—he needed a grave—so they bought the field wherein he had hung himself, and buried him in it. That was all Judas got here for his money. What about him now ? A very little child once said : “Poor Judas !”

THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

What a sublime call and what graces Jesus generously gave Judas !

But Judas, yielding to evil inclination, drifted into habitual sin.

Habitual sin led him to betray the innocent Blood of Jesus.

God then left him to the mercy of his vile associates in sin.

When they spurned him, he betrayed, tried, condemned and executed himself.

In his despair, Judas sinned more grievously than by his treason.

PRAYER.

O long-suffering and patient Jesus, Thou hast chosen me to be Thy friend, strengthening me with the Sacraments and coming Thyself to me in Holy Communion.

Still I am weak and fearful ; my passions strong, and occasions of sin tempt me ; and because Thou hast borne with me and forgiven past offences, I presume Thou wilt do so again I have no friend like Thee, and I have risked losing Thee for the sake of sinful, passing pleasures.

My associates in sin care not what may befall me ; the fate of Judas had already been mine, had'st Thou left me to myself ; but in Thy mercy Thou hast saved me until now. O Jesus help me, strengthen me. But preserve me from presumption, while saving me from despair.

REV. FR. HUBERT, C.P.

NAMES OF DECEASED.

Catherine Malone (Mother of Rev. Fr. Marcellus, C.P.), Margaret McGuigan, Margaret O'Meara, Edward John Costello, Jane Buckley, Mary Ann Boland, Patrick Fox, Elizabeth Kiernan, Sister Agnes Holland, Mary Ann Bills, John McGeough, Mary Delany.

Some Churches of Rome

VI. The Pantheon

REV. VICTOR MANN

Once a pagan temple, built in honour of all the gods, the Pantheon is a connecting link between old pagan Rome and Christianity, and is one of the most remarkable buildings in the world :: ::

I CAN hear you exclaim as you look at the picture of the Pantheon: "Surely this is not a Christian church!" and your wonderment is quite justified, for the Pantheon, as its name denotes, was once a pagan temple built in honour of all the gods. As a church it is not really a great success, but as a piece of architecture and a historical monument it is most interesting. It is a connecting link between the old pagan Rome and Christianity, and it is one of the most remarkable buildings in the world.

Originally the part of Rome in which the Pantheon is situated was a marshy district, very much at the mercy of the river Tiber, which without any warning used to overflow its banks and form a lake here. The Consul, Marcus Agrippa, twenty-seven years before the birth of Our Lord, drained the marsh and built a square temple in honour of all the gods who were the mythical ancestors of the Julian family. This temple was burnt down after about a hundred years, and was twice rebuilt, by Domitian and by Hadrian. The present building, apart from the various reconstructions, dates from about 202 of the present era, though the massive portico, or entrance, bears the name of Agrippa, and therefore is conceivably part of the original square temple. Certain archaeologists with whom I should not feel disposed to quarrel are of the opinion that the portico was built by Hadrian, who copied the inscription of the earlier temple of Agrippa, and so has unwittingly deceived the world for centuries about the actual date of this construction. The truth probably lies between these two opinions: it is the old portico of Agrippa dismantled and reconstructed by Hadrian.

Whichever theory is true, the Pantheon is the most ancient building in Rome with any claims to complete preservation. Yet it is, in some respects, only the shell of its original self. It was once covered with marble and gilded bronze, and must have been a wonderful sight, surrounded as it was by vast gardens, lakes, temples of Egyptian gods, obelisks taken from Egypt, of which quite a number still decorate the open spaces of Rome.

In the fourth century, when the pagan temples were closed by edict, the Pantheon remained as a bond of union between the old and new. It is the twilight of the gods, and a burial-place of the dead memories of Mars and Venus, Jupiter and the rest of them. In the seventh century the Pope received permission of the Government of Constantinople to convert it into a Christian church, and on 13th May, 610, Pope Boniface IV consecrated it under the title of Our Lady of the Martyrs (S. Maria ad Martyres). It is related that innumerable relics of the martyrs were conveyed from the catacombs on this occasion and given fitting burial in the Pantheon; but there is good reason for thinking that this translation took place two hundred years later. It is more probable that it happened when Pope Gregory IV restored the church and instituted the Feast of All Saints, on 1st November, with the commemoration of All Souls on the following day. The name of the church in the Middle Ages was S. Maria Rotunda—the Round Church of Our Lady—and this is the popular name for it in Rome at the present time.

The Pantheon suffered much from depredations. First the gilded bronze

tiles were taken from the roof by the Eastern Emperor Constans II, and carried off to Constantinople. Worse was to follow when Pope Urban VIII, of the family of Barberini, removed the remainder of the bronze from the roof to make the Canopy over the High Altar at St. Peter's and to supply the Castle of S. Angelo with defensive artillery. The Pope's action met with a certain amount of unfavourable criticism, and gave rise to the best-remembered pasquinade :

"Quod non fecerunt barbari fecere Barberini."

"What the barbarians would not do, that did the Barberini."

At this point a judiciously-placed inquirer in the audience asks : "What is a pasquinade?" I answer, having studied the matter very deeply, that a pasquinade was a sort of forerunner of the free press. Then, warming to my



THE PANTHEON OR S. MARIA ROTUNDA

Originally a pagan temple, it was consecrated to Christian use in A.D. 610.

subject, I continue : "At one time there used to be no newspapers, and, strange to say, the world seemed to get on very well without them. But a lively people like the Romans could not be prevented from taking a keen interest in public affairs and giving expression to their opinions. There was a certain tailor whose shop was the centre where the men-about-town, the artists and sculptors and others, used to meet to discuss the latest events. Pasquino and his friends each day would write an elegant and witty commentary on some item of special interest in the news, and fasten it on the statue of Menelaus, which was near Pasquino's shop. Such compositions were called Pasquinades. Replies to these witticisms were posted up on another statue some distance away, and this daily exchange of humour was kept up for years, until Pasquino became an accepted part of the social system of Rome and the organ of public opinion."

We were speaking of the removal of bronze from the roof of the Pantheon by Pope Urban VIII. They say that more than two hundred tons were thus removed, and that the nails alone used for holding the plates in position weighed

four tons. Pope Urban excused his conduct in an inscription which is fixed on the wall of the portico, wherein he says that such useless splendour (the bronze) should become an ornament for the tomb of St. Peter on the Vatican and instruments for public safety in Hadrian's citadel (the castle of St. Angelo). Succeeding generations, though applauding the magnificent baldacchino in St. Peter's, have never quite forgiven this vandalism, and Pasquino's couplet still remains the last word of criticism.

We are forgetting to describe the Pantheon. Of the exterior, only the portico is shown. There are sixteen columns of Egyptian granite, with Corinthian capitals; each column is in one piece, and measures forty-six feet in height and five feet in diameter. Entering the welcome shade of the portico, and dealing very firmly with the polyglot crowd which presses on you albums of views, post cards, Roman mosaics, cameos, and everything else you do not require, you approach the main door, which is of bronze, and measures forty feet in height by twenty. At each side of the door are huge niches, in which used to stand colossal statues. All the marble coating has disappeared, and you are able to examine the old Roman brickwork, the bricks being an inch and a half thick, embedded in courses of mortar nearly an inch thick. It is the mortar made of volcanic ashes that is the secret of the longevity of these old buildings.

The interior of the Pantheon is one of the strangest pieces of architecture in the world. It is perfectly circular, covered by a dome; it is 142 feet across, and the same in height. The walls, twenty feet thick, are pierced by three apses and four square recesses. These were once occupied by statues of the gods, but now contain Christian altars or tombs. Between these recesses are eight more altars. A rich cornice, perfectly preserved, runs above these; above that the "attic" with fourteen niches, looking like windows, which also contained statues in pre-Christian days. Above this runs another cornice, separating the wall from the dome. In the centre of the dome is a large aperture nearly thirty feet in diameter, and this forms the only source of light received by the temple. I have never been in the Pantheon during a rainy period, and so I cannot say from experience what happens in the Pantheon when it is raining. I understand that the rain which we would expect to come through so large a hole in the roof is dissolved into fine mist on meeting the uprush of air from the interior of the building, and does not fall to the ground. There is, however, provision made in the centre of the pavement, a large slab of marble, pierced to carry off any water which might enter the building during a particularly heavy shower.

There are several important tombs in the Pantheon. In one apse is that of Victor Emmanuel II, the first King of United Italy, who died in 1878; and in the opposite niche lies buried King Humbert. More interesting, perhaps, is the marble sarcophagus which holds the remains of young Raphael, the great artist of the Madonna, who died in 1520, at the age of thirty-seven.

There is little more to be said about this ancient building. We must not forget to mention that the dome of St. Peter's and the Pantheon are, roughly speaking, of the same size. In designing the former, Michelangelo regarded the Pantheon as a sort of challenge, which he boldly accepted, and raised a new pantheon on the summit of his basilica. Another glance at the interior of the church will help us to realise the stupendous thing which is the "Apostle's Crowning Dome."

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For the Canonisation of Blessed Gemma Galgani.

By the special direction of Most Rev. Fr. Titus, C.P., General of the Passionists, our readers are invited to send their offerings towards the Canonisation of Bl. Gemma Galgani. All such offerings will be acknowledged in *The Cross* and will be forwarded to Rome by the Managing Editor. Since the last list, the following sums have been received:—

E.M.C. (Co. Cork) 5/6; Anon. (Kimmage), 3/.

Offerings may be sent to The Managing Editor, *The Cross*, Mount Argus, Dublin.

Peace

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with God

.....@.....

FRANCIS J. BENSON

The strange tale of how a picture
postcard from an Art Gallery
helped James Kavanagh to find
his soul :: :: :: ::

JAMES was a little more trying than usual that day. He had never been a very patient man, and, since he took a stroke three months ago, he had proved more fretful and petulant than ever. It had been a hard struggle for his wife, but God had been good to her by giving her two of the best children in the world.

There was Michael, only fourteen years old, but already a man in character. Sometimes she thought the burden of his father's illness fell more heavily on him than it did on herself. But he was equal to it, and more than equal to it. He ran the little shop which provided the family with its livelihood with the level-headedness and efficiency of a man of twice his age. Much of the domestic work, too, fell to his lot, for James was an exacting invalid, and much of her time had, perforce, to be given to him. Of course, in that respect, Nan too was a help. It was extraordinary, the number of household tasks the little eight-year old was able to accomplish. Yes, between the two of them, her children did a great deal to lighten the burden of her task. But one burden they could not lighten, her sorrow at her husband's indifference to his religion. Even Michael could hardly remember his father practising his religious duties.

The evil had set in not long after her marriage. It was difficult to know what had given rise to her husband's laxity. A little bit of everything, that was it, perhaps. A certain tendency to sloth. A certain amount of human respect, working in queer illogical ways. A tendency to carp and criticise, resulting in a sort of smothered anti-clericalism. They all had something to do with it. Anyhow, here he was, about to go to his Maker (for she could not hide the fact from herself, and she knew exactly what the doctor's guarded language really meant), and would hear no word of them sending for a priest. She had prayed hard to the Sacred Heart for her husband's conversion, but, speaking humanly, her prayer had not been heard. Yet she continued to pray with fervour, and encouraged her children to join her in her petition.

Well, to-day, thank God, she had been able to let the children have a little outing. Nothing very exciting. Just a visit to the Art Galleries, and the Natural History Museum, which were housed together. But she was sure that Michael would be able to make the visit very interesting for Nan. She had made up the neatest little packet of sandwiches for them, and they set off for the little trip with a joyfulness that would have been the source of envy to many a wealthy parent. Now she was awaiting their return at any moment.

At half-past six they did return, and the little girl's smiling face told how much she had enjoyed her visit to the Art Galleries.

"Oh mummy," she exclaimed. "It was lovely. We saw everything, el'phants and tigers and things. And birds, ooh, and horrible creepy snakes."

"Did you, dear? I hope they didn't frighten you," answered her mother, smiling.

"Oh no, mother," said Nan, round-eyed and serious. "They were all dead. But all the same," she added, meditatively, "I shouldn't like to meet them if they were alive."

"And did you see the pictures?" asked her mother.

"Oh yes, and I thought they were lovely. Look, Michael bought me these. Aren't they beautiful?" She handed her mother some postcard reproductions

of the pictures in the Galleries. There were two portraits, one by Gainsborough and one by Velasquez. There was a striking Flemish landscape, and the remainder of the half-dozen were of religious subjects. One was an Italian Assumption, and the others represented scenes from the Passion. They were striking pictures, of the Spanish realistic school. The wash of greys and dark blues and greens in one picture brought out vividly the mental suffering of the central figure, Our Lord in the Garden, while in the other the artist had succeeded in imparting a startling naturalness to his representation of Christ carrying His Cross. As one looked at it one could almost see the tottering figure, and hear the cries of the excited mob. It was a masterpiece.

Mrs. Kavanagh stood gazing at it for a few moments. Then she looked up and said: "I think Michael made a very good choice. The postcards are very nice indeed. Take them in to father, and show them to him. I am sure he will like them very much."

Thus instructed, the little girl walked to the door of the room in which her father lay and knocked on it.

"Who is it?" asked a querulous voice.

"It's Nan," answered the girl.

"Come in," he replied, less irritably.

Nan entered, making a vivid little picture in her bright crimson coat and hat, for she had not removed her outdoor things. Her father's eyes lightened as she entered. His was not a nature capable of very deep attachments, but his love for his little daughter was true and deep for all that.

"Well, Nan, what have you come to tell me? You look as if you have just come from a very pleasant outing."

"So I have, dad," she replied. "But hasn't mummy told you we were going to the Art Galleries? I'd have come in to see you before we went, but you were asleep."

Her father smiled a little.

"As a matter of fact she did. But I wanted you to tell me all about it yourself. So come over here and sit down."

Nan went over to the chair at the bedside and sat down.

"Oh, dad," she began excitedly. "We had such a lovely time. There were such queer things there, things I had never seen before, animals and suits of armour and boats. I liked the pictures, too. See, I've brought some home."

She opened the packet she held in her hand and produced the postcards for her father's inspection.

He picked them up and examined them with interest. "That's a very nice bit of country," he commented, after looking at the landscape. He next examined the full-lipped Hapsburg so skilfully portrayed by the brush of Velasquez and the elegant eighteenth-century dame simpering from the Gainsborough canvas. He lingered long over these two pictures, for he had a naturally good, if uncultured, taste in art. But, save for an appreciative glance at the glowing colour of the Italian Assumption, he hardly looked at the religious pictures, and turned in positive aversion from the representation of Christ carrying His Cross. It seemed almost as if the tragic figure frightened him, threw him a message he would not heed.

He lay back on his pillow, and told his daughter he was tired now, and thought he might sleep. She nodded, and, gathering up her postcards, slipped quietly from the room. Her father put one arm over his head, and tried to seek slumber. But all he could achieve was that half-conscious state between sleeping and waking. He turned over on his side and brought himself to consciousness. He stretched out his arm, his eyes shut, and felt his hand fall on something smooth and rather cold. He opened his eyes to discover what was causing the vague discomfort he felt, and saw that it was one of the pictures his daughter had

brought in to show him, and had overlooked when she was gathering them up.

Which one was it? Wasn't it one of the portraits? No, not one of them. The postcard was placed in an awkward position for him to see without a certain amount of strain, but, by raising himself slightly, he made out the same tired figure stumbling through Eastern-seeming streets, from the contemplation of whose agony he had turned in distaste, when the picture had first been presented to his senses. This time he felt the same initial repulsion, the same feeling of a distasteful message being sent to him. But as he lay down again, there came to him a certain desire to accept that message, to reply to the summons, though he knew it would cost him much.

The picture still remained impressed on his brain, but it seemed somehow to have changed. The figure was no longer stationary. It went forward with stumbling, tottering footsteps. The lips moved, and, if a man listened hard enough, he could hear sounds issuing from the parched lips. Yes, the figure was speaking, and the eyes, turning in the direction of the man in the bed, were beseeching eyes. The figure seemed to grow in size, and the speech became louder, until, in hammer-like tones, the request came. It was a cry for help in the carrying of his burden, help that no one but he, James Kavanagh, could give. What was he to reply? Would he reassure that broken man, appealing to him for help? Or would he give way to the fear that held him? Press through that hate-filled crowd to the help of its victim? He would like to, but could he? Dared he?

The pathos of the figure grew, but with it the deadening fear of the crowd, a crowd that, strangely, held many of the neighbours in whose estimation he wished to stand high. They would mock him and laugh at him. He would be an object of scorn to them for the rest of his life. The struggle in his soul grew greater. He knew that the issue of this soul-struggle was tremendous. Somehow, there was more to it than simply helping a broken man. This decision was going to affect his own life, was going to change eternity for him. Could he face it? Could he stretch out his hand in the gesture that would mean so much?

A noise broke through to his consciousness, and he stirred and cried feebly. A quick patter of feet answered him and he heard Nan saying: "What is the matter, father? Do you want anything?" He nodded. "Yes," he said. "Ask your mother to come."

"Margaret," he said, when his wife entered, "it's a long time since I had such a queer dream. Do you see that picture lying there?"

Mrs. Kavanagh, rather puzzled, picked up the postcard.

"Yes, dear," she said. "What about it?"

"I went to sleep while I was looking at it, and I dreamt about it. He—He—seemed to be calling to me, wanting something of me, and I think I know now what it is, and I'm going to give it to Him. Get the priest as soon as you can. I'm going to make my peace with God."

.....(5).....

I Wonder!

When Joseph was a carpenter
Did little Jesus look in awe
At all the things St. Joseph made
With just a hammer and a saw?

And when He had grown old enough
To work as His apprentice boy
Did Joseph teach Him how to use
The tools that carpenters employ?

I wonder: yet it seems to me
That Jesus listened with delight
To everything that Joseph said
Although it wasn't always right.

Or did Saint Joseph just look on
And never have a word to say
When the Divine met human touch
To do things in a perfect way?

For thus He might admonish us
Not to invoke His special aid
Ere we have used the means at hand
To practise virtue or a trade.

P. J. MCGUIGAN.

Carrying ~ ~ the Torch

.....@.....
FRANCES MacBRIDE

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*A stirring account of the part played by Irish Catholics in building up the Church in Glasgow. It is a far cry back to those troubled times when vigilance parties had to be formed to defend St. Andrew's Cathedral from non-Catholic violence.*  
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A FAMOUS historian has called the Irish race the greatest missionaries on earth. They, who seem foredoomed by fate or circumstance to exile in hostile or friendly lands keep this precious jewel of the faith when all else must be cast aside. They are not selfish with God's most priceless gift, but wish to share it with the stranger, the scoffer, the well-disposed and the ignorant alike; and nowhere has the seed come to more fruitful harvest than in Scotland, the so-called Protestant country, the stronghold of religious fanatics since the days when John Knox walked up and down the streets of Edinburgh breathing fire and slaughter against the Catholic Faith.

To find out how this state came into being we must go back to the days of the Penal Laws in Ireland, the unhappy eighteenth century, surely the blackest page in Ireland's chequered history, a page written in blood and tears. The people had scarcely recovered from the iron heel of Cromwell in the late seventeenth century when the cruel laws began to be enforced which deprived Catholics of the right even to the meanest existence. The rebellion of 1798 ended disastrously, as it was already foredoomed to do, being but the gallant waving of a broken sword in the face of inexorable fate; and upon the white roads of Ireland, pitiful processions began to form, men, women and little children taking the long trail into exile to escape a misery that could end only in a lingering death. Some from the South reached Lancashire, others from Donegal and the West took ship and landed upon the West Coast of Scotland, many with only the clothes they stood in, and their worldly goods stowed away in a bundle; surely the strangest, most pitiful little band of missionaries who ever landed upon an indifferent shore.

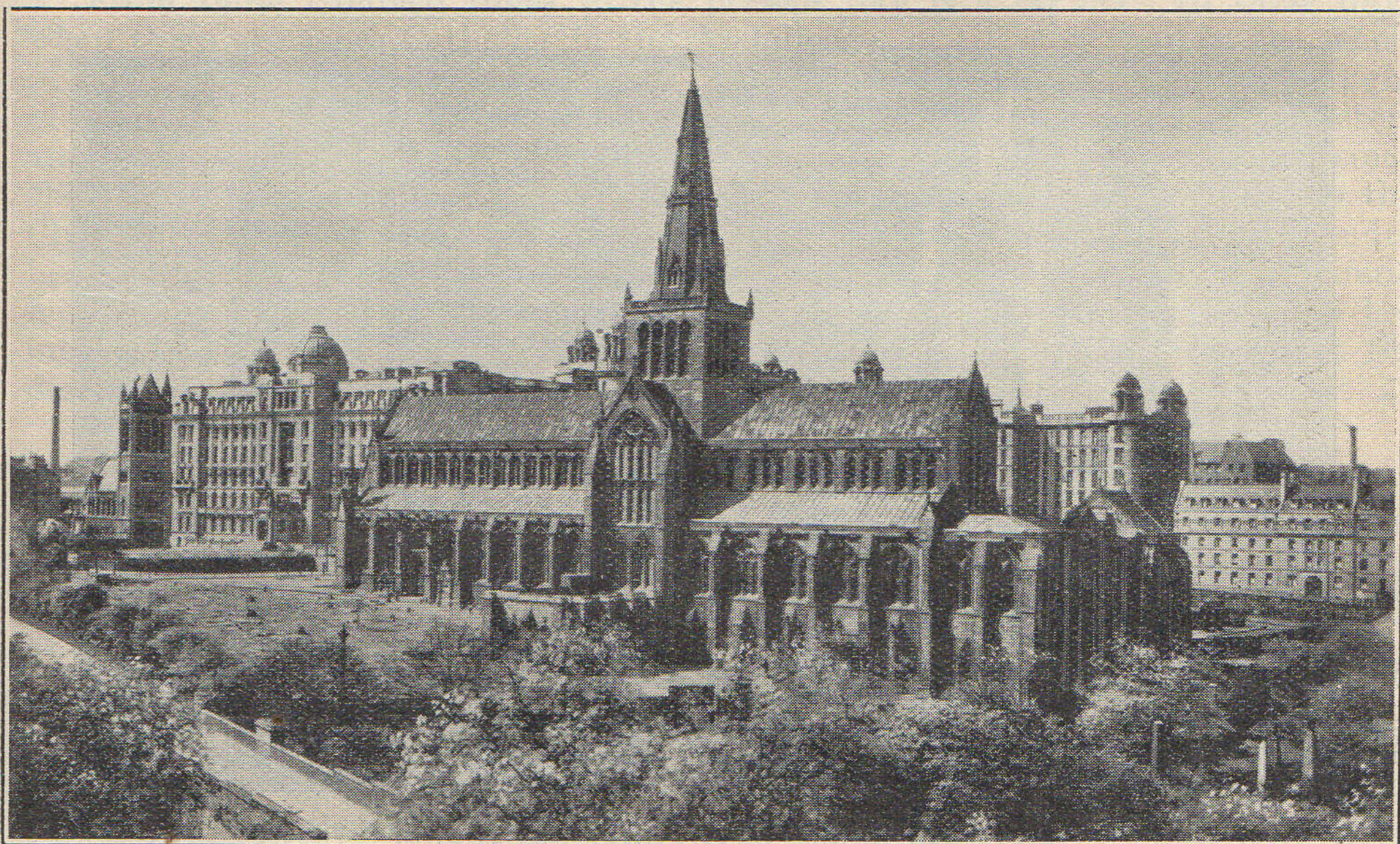
Consider what Scotland was like in the days when the homeless Irish came there. The Faith was dead in Scotland, or at least, so faint was its light that it was as a solitary candle in the darkness of a vast prairie. The reformers had done their vile work well, from austere Arbroath, with its silent, desolate cloisters, to lovely Melrose, outraged and despoiled, a roofless ruin, crying silently in the night upon the justice of God. Except for one or two faithful clans in the far north, safely entrenched among their mountains and a silent sprinkling in Glasgow, there were no Catholics. Glasgow, the most important city in the West, had not a single place where Catholics might meet and worship God in their own way. The few Catholics there were had to keep very quiet about it, knowing it was useless to fight against overwhelming odds.

Into this barren land came the Irish, swift to forget old wrongs and sorrows, quick to settle down and make the best of what was evidently the will of God for them. The majority of the men were fine specimens of manhood; few were under six feet in height, broad and well-knit, with that wonderful physique that hard work and an open-air life gives. Most of these drifted down into Ayrshire, where there were broad acres of farm lands in need of labourers. Agricultural pursuits appealed to many, and these were soon absorbed in the counties of Renfrew and Lanark.

At this time the town of Glasgow sat quite comfortably in a six-miles-square boundary. It was a pleasant walk along the banks of the Clyde to the village

of Anderston, set in its green fields. A wooden bridge built by the good Bishop Rae, linked the town with the village of Gorbals, on the other bank of the Clyde. Citizens took their Sunday afternoon strolls on the gentle green slopes of the Cowcaddens, or wandered along "Route-de-Roi," now known as Rottenrow, to the ancient pre-Reformation Cathedral of St. Mungo, where it looked down upon the town in benediction.

The life of the town ebbed and flowed for the most part round the Tolbooth and the Trongate. In a lane off the Gallowgate there was an ancient house, the top floor of which was rented now and then by one Master John Farquarson. Under this guise, Father John Farquarson, a Highland priest, was wont to call his little flock and give them the consolations of their holy Faith. His calls were few and irregular, for the whole of Scotland was his parish; nevertheless, he was always pleased to find the room full of the faithful waiting to be shrived and receive the Bread of Life.



THE PRE-REFORMATION CATHEDRAL OF ST. MUNGO, GLASGOW.

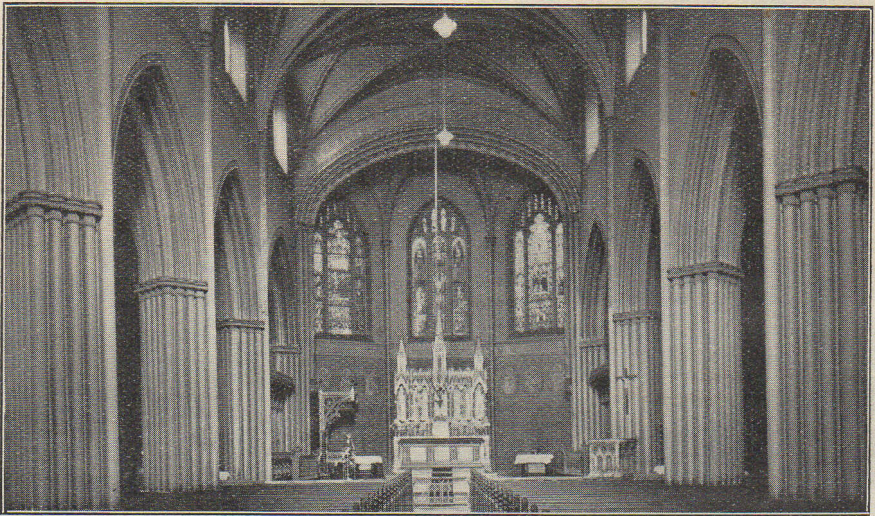
Built in the 12th Century, it is now in non-Catholic hands.

Things were in this state when two events happened. Father Andrew (afterwards Bishop) Scott was appointed to Glasgow, and the Cotton Trade came to the town. No one took much notice of the grim-faced young priest, but the place was agog with talk of the new industry. Glasgow began to realise her own importance in those early years of the nineteenth century. Her harbours were sought by ships of many nations, and she saw she must smarten up to compete with her English sister ports. Roads had to be made, old houses demolished, fine new buildings erected. New industries must have factories, and the foundation must be laid of that wonderful era of shipbuilding that was to make old Clyde river eternally famous. New yards were opened on the lower reaches of the river by captains of industry determined that a Clyde-built ship should go down in history as the finest vessel afloat.

In all this great industrial revival the meek, plodding Irish played their part. The masters soon found that the best workmen were to be found among the Irish

in their midst. They were not afraid of hard work. They laughed at it, stone-breaking, road-making, ship-building in all weathers. They were quiet and unassuming, asking merely the right to earn their bread and to a roof over their heads, in an alien land. They prospered and multiplied. Their sons and daughters grew up and married and adopted this strange land as their own; they should have been happy were material comforts to count, but one hunger was always gnawing at their hearts, a hunger that would not be satisfied with any makeshift; they wanted a church of their own with the priest residing close by, as they had been used to in far-off Erin.

The Calton "chapel" had long since outgrown the numbers who clamoured for admission every Sunday and holy day; the zealous Father Scott had increased the communicant numbers from four hundred to three thousand, and these must be suitably housed when they came to worship God in the holy sacrifice of the Mass. The time had come for the growing flock to emerge from the byways and the caverns and to hold up their heads with the rest of their fellow-citizens.



ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL, GLASGOW.

A fine view of the interior of the Catholic Cathedral.

Father Scott must have cast longing eyes upon the fair Cathedral at the top of High Street, where Saint Mungo was buried, now desecrated and given over to the followers of a false religion; and he must have sighed, knowing it was not for him. After a great deal of talk and delay, a pleasant site was chosen on the banks of the river, and in the year 1816 the first church in Glasgow was begun, dedicated to Saint Andrew, the Patron of Scotland, and the worship of Almighty God. Then the stout Protestants of the city woke up. This community, they said, alien in race and religion, should not be tolerated in a Protestant country. The audacious upstarts should be taught a severe lesson. They applied to the Law to suppress them. The Law, apparently, could do nothing to prevent a peaceful section of the community building a church of their own if they so wished, especially (and this counted most, no doubt) when they were bearing the cost themselves. Foiled in this, the Protestants resorted to violence. Raids were made on the new church, and every other morning the Catholics found their previous day's work torn down and destroyed in the night.

Vigilance parties had to be formed, and men took it in turn to guard the

rearing of the sacred edifice. Many people alive to-day in Glasgow have ancestors who acted as guardians at the building of Saint Andrew's. Even after it was erected and finished, persecution continued. The windows were smashed several times while Father Scott was actually saying Mass. Yet, in spite of this, the new regime flourished. Highland Catholics came in search of work south to Glasgow and sought consolation at St. Andrew's; we find names like Murdoch, Ogilvie, MacDonald, Chisholm and Paterson, side by side with Quinn, O'Rafferty, Kennedy, Sheridan and O'Hara, proving once more the universality of the Faith.

After the church was built, it was only a step to the Catholic schools, that cradle of faith for many. Here again the Irish were the first to raise the demand for the teaching of their children in the proper way, and the first, with their hard-earned pennies and half-pennies, to make that teaching possible. As the city grew, so did the church. As the population increased more and more churches came to be built like tall, strong children of the old grey Mother, on the banks of the Clyde.

From those troubled times to the present day is a far cry; to these days when there are more Catholics in the Archdiocese of Glasgow than in the whole of the rest of Scotland. Catholics to-day can hold up their heads in the light of day, and occupy an honoured place in local government, and as judges, doctors and professors. The old Church of St. Andrew, first church in Scotland since the Reformation, still stands by the riverside; much water has flowed down the Clyde since the first stone was laid, and many changes have been wrought under her watchful eyes. Gone are the pleasant green fields that used to surround her; industrial towers encompass her on every side, threatening to press her into obscurity; but she will remain to all the other churches throughout the diocese the Lamp the Irish lit—the mother who gave them life.

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The Gorge of Tamina

Up the gorge of the Tamina river in Switzerland is one of those hot springs that have been found to possess such wonderful medicinal qualities.

The river flows down one of those magnificent gorges so well known to the tourist in Switzerland, and the sides, towering far overhead as you walk along the little pathway cut in the side of the limestone, are grand beyond description. But the interest of the place is not merely in its natural beauty. One of its great fascinations lies in its past associations and the story of its early discovery.

It was a hunter from the old monastery founded in the eighth century by St. Pirminius who made the great discovery of these hot springs. He was out with others, and had himself lowered from the top into this deep gorge to take some young ravens from a nest some distance down the inaccessible side. Having been lowered into the gorge, he discovered, not merely the raven's nest of which he had come in search, but a mysterious issue of warm vapour from a crevice in the rock.

After this accidental discovery little seems to have been done with the spring, beyond fetching the waters occasionally to the monastery, until the year 1242, when the Abbot decided to make further use of this spring as a medicinal matter. Access was only possible from the top, but this Abbot had such faith in the thermal properties of the waters that he made arrangements to lower the patients from this height by ropes.

It was a dangerous undertaking, but he inspired such confidence in the cures worked by these waters that people came from far and wide, and allowed themselves to be blindfolded and lowered in baskets to the caverns wherein were pools of the health-giving liquid, and left there for days to have a series of baths.

At a later date a bathing-house was contrived in the gorge at great risk, and beams were fixed into the perpendicular sides to support it; and in the sixteenth century, Abbot Russinger exerted himself to improve the baths and make them more accessible and generally useful.

He had a wooden staircase built, leading from the bathing-house up to the top of the gorge, and he also vastly improved the bath-houses that had been built. He persuaded that strange genius, Paracelsus, the great Swiss physician, to come to the monastery and draw up a description of the baths and their curative properties, adding his own set of bathing rules to be observed by patients using the waters.

In after years, other Abbots were able to make more and more improvements, until at length the old site was deserted, for a conduit was made to bring the waters within easier reach. But a visit to the spring far in the depths of the gorge still brings back to mind this romantic old story of the hunter, the steam issuing from the crevice, and the sufferers being swung down by long ropes for their "kill or cure" treatment.

Bolshevism ~ ~ in Decay

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T. M. DONOVAN

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Do not be misled by glowing
accounts of Soviet prosperity!
The interior rottenness of the
social structure will eventually
undermine and destroy it :: ::
.....

THE Bolshevik regime in Russia may build up an imposing and superbly grand material edifice; the ornamental facade may give the appearance of a splendidly-enduring structure; but it will soon be found that it is not permanent. The interior rottenness of Sovietism is sure to bring it to the ground. The germ of decay is in this new Tower of Babel, which will undermine and bring to naught the entire edifice. It cannot last, for it is built on the sands, in defiance of the laws of God, and in blasphemous denial of the teachings of His Son, Who came down to earth to save Man from his own sin and folly.

The scores of visitors to Russia, who are made much of and personally conducted by well-trained Communist guides, tell us of the magnificent new Soviet Buildings now being erected there. Many of these boosters of Bolshevik achievement, like Bernard Shaw, the Webbs, and Wells, are old and practised revilers of Christianity, and therefore biased in favour of materialism. Others are mere superficial observers, who are incapable of delving beneath the surface. Others again, if they do dig down to the foundations of Russian society, only find what is embedded in their own hearts and minds—animality. There they find their own unspiritual home—nature red in tooth and claw—the manners, customs, and morals, of the jungle.

The Russian Bolshevik thinks he can have a good time in this world, while denying and defying the laws of its Creator. Time will show how foolishly stupid this belief is—"Without Me," says Christ, "ye can do nothing." Watch this grand Communist Experiment! It will totter and crumble in ruins before another generation has passed away, for its foundations are already in decay. The foundation stone of the State is the family, and the family is already on the road to destruction in Russia: the prostitute or courtesan has taken the place of the mother; and that refuge of all the virtues, the home, is abolished. The most hallowed words in all languages—*mother—father—home—family*—are already obsolete in Russia. Some may think this is rather strong language. Listen, then, to a few well-established facts about Soviet Russia. In the Communist official organ, the *Pravda*, Rykin wrote of the sad story of a young woman abandoned by her so-called husband, when she was expecting a baby. This brought hundreds of letters to the editor telling of similar barbarities. A few of these cases are here given, but without the names published in the *Pravda*.

Number one is a Moscow mechanic; he met a girl named D—, a University student, and they got "married." When it was found that she was expecting a baby, the "husband" prevailed on the wife to submit to an abortion. (The mention of this crime against God and man is common to all the published cases—the many operations mentioned by all the victims are given casually and shamelessly). In short, then, after inflicting every form of misery on his wife, he divorced her and married another young woman.

No. 2.—"In 1934 I was employed as a bookkeeper in Tambov, where I met A. D—. He courted me, and we were soon married," writes this unfortunate woman. A detailed history of her misery would be too shocking and almost incredible. Enough to say that this particular Communist tiger consumed the lives of five other young women, and threw them aside one by one as he had done to the first. One of his victims writes: "Soon I became *enceinte*, and right away my husband declared that *there was incompatibility between us* (the formula

for divorce), and that he could not continue living with me. I had to give him a divorce, and a few days later he was 'married' a fifth time."

And so on, with thousands of other cases of women betrayed, and the millions that go unrecorded. The old "unspeakable Turk" was a gentleman compared with these Russian Communist beasts. Need I continue the long litany of misery and beastliness taken from the Augean stable of Bolshevism? No, for surely all must know that where the Devil reigns evil must flourish.

Can any Irish woman believe that nominally Catholic women, who were baptised into the Church of God, would have us living in such a Communist Hell; for a "Workers' Republic" is only another name for a Bolshevik regime? Yes, unfortunately, we have many such women, even in Ireland, who pretend to believe that there is no other way to remove social injustices than by making us communicating brothers and sisters of these Russian Communists!

Our Holy Mother, the Church, raised the status of women from the depths of slavery to the very highest social positions. From being the slave and plaything of man she became his equal and fond companion, the queen of the home and the centre and inspiration of the family. But these Communists would pull her back into slavery—into a state of servitude really and truly lower than that of the beasts that perish. Nature or instinct limits the beast, but the perverted reason of man in rebellion against God and nature can touch far deeper depths of degradation and iniquity.

The Communist propagandist will point to the degradation of women in the slums of our towns and cities. Our present and past native Governments are making heroic efforts to abolish these slums, and in fifteen years' time they will have almost entirely disappeared. Matt Talbot has shown Ireland that even in very sordid surroundings saints can grow and develop.

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The Procession

SEAN CRAWFORD

ONE of the most devotional songs ever written is "La Procéssion" by César Franck, composer of "Panis Angelicus." It is said of him when he extemporised on the instrument in Ste. Clotilde in Paris that "the angels walked about the organ-loft." In the song referred to, he actually describes, in music, the Sign of the Cross made by the priest in the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and the composition, whilst creating a mystic and fervent atmosphere, is also a little tone-picture of the lovely warm countryside—the France beloved of René Bazin.

"Dieu s'avance à travers les champs !

Par les landes, les prés, les verts taillis de hêtres.

Il vient, suivi du peuple et porté par les prêtres

Aux cantiques de l'homme, oiseaux mêlez vos chants !

On s'arrête.

La foule autour d'un chêne antique s'incline en adorant, sous l'ostensoir mystique,
Soleil ! garde sur lui, tes longs rayons couchants."

A free translation of these words of Charles Brizeux reads :—

"God is moving, the fields along.

O'er the meadows and the moors

Green beechen woodlands, rifted.

He comes, by hosts attended

By the priests high uplifted.

Oh ! ye birds add your carols to man's adoring song.

It is ended.

The crowd about an oak assembling

In solemn awe incline before the Mystery trembling.

Oh ! Sun ! pour down Thy rays

Upon this hallowed shrine."

Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., in his most devotional little book, *Close to the Altar Rails*, quotes a poem by Olive Katharine Parr, in which a little girl is supposed to realise, with a very vivid faith and a very ardent love during a certain Corpus Christi procession, that Jesus indeed is passing by, and her innocent heart yearns to him so vehemently that she dies the ecstatic death of Blessed Imelda, except that hers is a spiritual communion."

"The tender Feet which walked the troubled water
And soothed the surging sea,
The Feet which bore Him like a lamb to slaughter
Are drawing near to me."

The spotless Hands so often raised in healing,
Then fastened to the Tree,
To-day are lifted up with tend'rest feeling
In blessing upon me.

The Eyes once darkened by a mortal sadness,
The sins of men to see,
Are shining now with an immortal gladness
And looking upon me."

In the Office of Holy Week we read :—

"When the adoration of the cross is almost finished, the candles are lighted and the cross is placed again upon the Altar. Then the priest, with his ministers and clergy go in procession to where the Blessed Sacrament was put the day before, whence he brings it back in the same order as it was carried thither." During the procession is sung the following :—

"*Vexilla regis prodeunt
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Quae vita mortem pertulit,
Et morte vitam protulit.*"

"Behold the royal ensigns fly,
Bearing the cross's mystery :
Where life itself did death endure,
And by that death did life procure."

The Resurrection Day dawns, and soon the hedgerows are robed in white blossoms of the May, the incense of rose-breath fills the air. A procession of blue-robed, white-veiled Children of Mary passes along an Irish meadow. Framed in a setting of light green trees is a distant Lough, whose silver waters are shimmering in the sun. Back of all is a mountain, scarfed in a diaphonous fabric of haze. The afternoon is warm and the bruised grass exhales its own peculiar fragrance. The band plays softly, the light gleaming on the polished brass of the instruments. Soft, mellow chords accompany the pure voices. Under domed and dark green oak-trees the crowds are kneeling. Gold vestments, candle-light, snowy samite surplices, a note of scarlet, fresh young faces, dewy eyes, lips trembling in ecstatic prayer, Byzantine-looking copes, drowsy murmur of bees, breezes sighing, the sea rustling in the distance, blue leaf shadows on the grass. They pass, and, passing express the deepest feelings of the heart, symbolising the journey of the Christian through all this earthly pilgrimage to the peace that endureth eternally in the Heavenly life to come. Be it Calvary or be it the triumphant cortege of golden Easter or red-robed Pentecost, we journey in grief and gladness to God who is our Home.

"And when the grave procession's ceased,
The earth with due illustrious rite
Blessed—ere the frail fingers featly
Of twilight, violet-cassocked acolyte,
His sacerdotal stoles unvest—
Sets, for high close of the mysterious feast,
The sun in august exposition meetly
Within the flaming monstenance of the West."

Ladyslipper ~ ~ D. M. ANDERSON

CHAPTER VI.—*For my mother's memory!*

MARK REYNOLDS drummed impatiently on the mantelpiece of the dingy sitting-room.

"You are an utter and absolute fool, Hart," he remarked, his voice full of suppressed anger. "What on earth did you want to let that doctor chap get hold of the kid like this? She was going to be worth a fortune to the both of us, only you stupidly lost your head and thought she was dying. He is a coming man, not the sort we want to be interested in Nancy. He wants to adopt her now."

"Well, anyway, he has fattened her up nicely for us. I saw her sitting in his car yesterday, and she looked blooming."

Mark Reynolds scowled.

"Did you say that you were going to-morrow?" he enquired.

The other nodded.

"H'm! At what time?"

"About twelve."

"All right," said Mark finally, as he walked towards the door. "You shall have her back to-morrow. Only mind! She is not to know what she is worth to us, and you must share the profits with me. Otherwise I shall have you up for cruelty to children."

The manager cringed.

"All right, old chap!" he said, ingratiatingly, "we'll be ready for her in the morning."

The next morning, as Doctor West was preparing to start off on his rounds, he was told that a man had called to see him.

"I can't stop now," he said, "who is it?"

"Mr. Mark Reynolds, sir," replied the butler.

The doctor started.

"All right, Collins," he said, "bring him in."

As his visitor entered the room, Nan's would-be father looked at him, narrowly. He noted the cruel jaw and cunning eyes, and sighed. Poor little kid, she must have had a rotten time, he reflected.

"Good morning!" he said, coolly, but did not offer his visitor a chair.

"Good morning!" replied the other. "I have come to fetch away my ward. It is high time that she got back to work."

The doctor looked at him intently.

"Did you get my letter?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! But I could not trust my ward to a stranger. Poor child! Her mother put a responsibility on me, which, of course I must do my best to fulfil. So I cannot accede to your request."

"Have you any papers proving your legal rights?" asked the doctor.

"I do not see that it is any business of yours," retorted the other, rudely.

"All the same I will gratify your curiosity. Look here."

He took a paper from his pocket and held it under the doctor's eyes.

It was a piece of notepaper, and on it was written, in shaky writing:

"I appoint my cousin, Mark Reynolds, as guardian of my daughter.

SYLVIA DAY.

Witness. JOHN BRANKSOME."

As the doctor read the document his heart sank. In the face of that piece

of paper he must let Nan go. But, all the same, he made a mental note of the name "John Branksome." He would make enquiries.

"Do you want to take her at once?" he asked.

"Yes!" replied the other. Without another word the doctor left the room.

He found Nan curled up in the morning room, very busy wrestling with some knitting, evidently an unaccustomed task.

"This is going to be a sock for you," she cried, holding up a length of ribbed knitting.

The man felt a tugging at his heart.

"Little Nan," he said, gently, sitting down by her side and putting his arm round her.

She looked up in surprise; he was generally so busy at this time of the morning.

"Nan!" he repeated, "I think that Our Lady wants her Ladyslipper back for a while."

The child went white, and looked up at him with agonised eyes. She had understood.

"Is my guardian here?" she gasped.

Doctor West nodded, and she saw by the quiver in his face how much he was suffering. She must not add to his sorrow by showing hers.

"All right," she said, very slowly, "you will give Ladyslipper back to Our Lady for a bit, won't you?"

He nodded.

Then, getting up, he went over and touched the bell.

"Tell them to pack Miss Nan's things at once," he said to the butler. "Her guardian has come for her."

The man looked startled for a minute, then with a deeply sympathetic look at his master, he left the room.

As the door closed, West turned to the child.

"I am not giving up hope that you will come back to me some day, dear," he said, "and if things get too hard let me know. I may be able to help."

She smiled up at him.

"Of course," she answered, trying to speak brightly. "I know that you will come if I want you." But deep in her heart she knew that he would not be allowed to come.

"This will help you a bit, kid," he said, slipping his notecase into her hands. "Try and take care of your poor little self, and get something on the quiet, if they do not give you enough to eat." His voice broke for a minute.

"Of course they will," she assured him.

Then stooping down, he kissed her gently, and putting his arm round her, he led her downstairs.

In the hall they had put her box ready, and the housekeeper stood waiting with her hat and coat.

"We are dreadfully sorry to lose you, Miss," she said, affectionately, for Nan's dainty ways had endeared her to all.

"She will come back to us, presently," said the doctor, and went into the sitting-room to fetch Mark.

"She is waiting for you," he said.

"She has been long enough getting ready," grumbled her guardian, walking into the hall.

"Well, Nancy," he said, obviously trying to make an impression on the doctor and his household, "aren't you pleased to see me again? I've taken a long journey to come and see you."

"It is very kind of you, Cousin Mark, only it would have been kinder to have let me stay here."

"Not at all, not at all," he answered quickly. "Your dear mother left you to my care, and I am most anxious to do the best for you in my power. Now come along like a good girl."

Putting his hand on Nan's arm, he half pushed, half led her to the door. But she shook herself free, and ran back to Doctor West, who had been silently watching this scene.

"Good-bye!" she whispered, hanging on to his arm.

"Good-bye, little one," he answered, very quietly, smoothing the tumbled curls back from her forehead, as he stooped and kissed her. For a moment she clung to him, then she slipped out of his arms and followed her guardian out to the waiting taxi.

For a while he sat silent, watching her moodily.

"I hope that you won't make any more scenes in public, Nancy," he said. "Next time I shall have to take your salary to pay for all the expenses. So your mother's memory will be clouded for a very long time with debts."

At this threat she winced, then remembering the note-case that Doctor West had given her, she instinctively put her hand into her pocket. Perhaps the money he had given would help to pay the debts. So far she had not managed to save anything out of her so-called salary, five shillings a week would hardly get her sufficient clothes and small necessities. But the sharp eyes of Mark Reynolds noticed the action, and guessed the cause.

"What have you got in your pocket, Nancy?" he asked, and bending towards her he slipped the note-case out of her pocket, before she had time even to realise what he was doing.

"It is mine! Cousin Mark," she said sharply, like an animal at bay. A hope had risen in her heart, and it was bitter to see it dashed to the ground.

He looked at her coldly, and then carefully counted the money. It was twenty pounds.

"I will keep this safe for you," he told her, with superficial kindness. "It is not safe to let you carry so much money about with you in lodgings."

Looking at his coarse, stubborn face, the child knew that it was useless to fight with him any more. She turned away, and looked out of the window.

It was agonising to have her happiness torn from her a second time by this man. She had grown to love the doctor. A love grounded on perfect trust. And she knew that she had slipped into his heart and was filling the void left by the other child. And now he would suffer too. Burning tears rose to her eyes, but she fought them back for she knew that opposition would only make her guardian more determined.

When they reached the Hart's lodgings they found all in the confusion and bustle of packing. Mr. Hart was swearing and grumbling, his wife arguing in her shrill, penetrating voice. The children were crying.

They took no notice of Nancy, except to order her about doing odd jobs. But presently she felt a little hand slipped into hers.

"I'se so glad that you'se come back" came Rosie's voice, very loud and clear.

Mrs. Hart looked annoyed; she was terribly jealous of the children's love for Nancy.

It seemed a nightmare of a day. Mark Reynolds saw them off at the station. Giving loud-voiced instructions to Hart at the last moment. And as the train was slipping out of the station, Nan felt that she was slipping into a life of weariness and misery, and leaving all sunshine behind her.

NEXT MONTH :—CHAPTER VII.—*The Dark Hour.*



Passionist Notes and News

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ABYSSINIA.

Passionist Celebrates Mass at Tomb of Heroic Dominican.

Fr. Simon Giuliani, C.P., Chaplain to the Italian Army in Eritrea, recently celebrated a special Requiem Mass in the cemetery of Addi Zubbaha at the tomb of Fr. Reginald Giuliani, O.P. It will be recalled that Fr. Reginald Giuliani, O.P., another Army Chaplain, was killed by Abyssinians whilst ministering to wounded soldiers on the battlefield. Only forty-eight years of age, Fr. Reginald, O.P., was attached to the Army in the Tembien sector, and was greatly esteemed by those who knew him. General Diamanti, his commanding officer, cited him as "a hero and a saint." At the Requiem Mass, the entire garrison was present, and when the obsequies had been performed, Fr. Simon, C.P., in a short but moving discourse recalled the bravery and self-sacrifice of the heroic Dominican Father.

Soldiers celebrate Feast of St. Gabriel.

What must surely be a unique celebration of the Feast of St. Gabriel took place at Field Hospital No. 446, at Senafe, in Abyssinia. The hospital chaplain, Fr. Feliciano Boccasecca, C.P., who, prior to his departure for Africa, had been a member of the community at Isola, the shrine of St. Gabriel, organised the arrangements for the festival. A special altar was erected, surmounted by a picture of the Saint. The entire Medical Staff of the hospital was present, whilst the choir was composed of soldiers from the hospital. After the Gospel of the Mass, Fr. Feliciano preached the panegyric of the Saint; and after Mass all joined in singing the Hymn to St. Gabriel.

CUBA.

New Church Commenced.

The Passionists in Cuba have commenced the erection of a new church at Vibora, Havana. Of late years, this district has been greatly developed, and this progress is evidenced by the spacious avenues, wide streets, parks and public buildings that have been laid out and erected. On February 17th, Mgr. Manuel Ruiz, Archbishop of Havana, blessed the foundation-stone of the new church, which is now in course of construction.

ENGLAND.

Feast of St. Paul of the Cross.

The Feast of the Founder of the Passionists was solemnly celebrated at St. Joseph's Retreat, Highgate, London, the special preacher being Rev. Valentine Elwes, secretary to Mgr. Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster.

IRELAND.

Jubilee of Belfast Organist.

Mr. Louis Werner was presented with a congratulatory address and a cheque on attaining his sixtieth year as organist and choirmaster at the Passionist Retreat, Holy Cross, Ardoyne, Belfast. Very Rev. Father Fabian, C.P., Rector, who presided, said that Mr. Werner had served under no fewer than sixteen rectors—a distinction which he thought was probably unique and without precedent in any church. He hoped that he would be spared for many years yet to control and direct the musical services at Ardoyne. Other tributes were paid to Mr. Werner by Mr. J. V. Brennan, M.R.I.A.I.; hon. treasurers of the presentation, Mr. A. E. Stewart and Mr. J. A. Fitzsimons, B.A., who, with Miss Madeline Firth, acted as hon. secretary. Thanks were expressed to the promoters, and to Mrs. James Doherty, who did much to make the presentation a success.

TANGANYIKA.

"Sanctions" affect Passionist Mission.

We quote without comment a paragraph from a letter lately received from the Passionist Prefecture of Kondoa, Irangi: "The other day a little parcel arrived from Italy for one of the Sisters. The parcel was detained by the Customs authorities, and we were informed that it would have to be sent back to Italy or else its contents would be confiscated. Its contents consisted in a few pious articles and in some medicinal supplies for the poor blacks." What a strange contradiction effected by "sanctions!" The black inhabitants of a British mandated territory are not even allowed to receive an alms from Italy!

SISTERS OF THE CROSS AND PASSION. Receptions and Professions.

On Monday, May 11th, V. Rev. Fr. Talbot, P.P., V.F., officiated at a reception ceremony at Kilcullen Convent, when two Sisters were received to profession: Sister John Bosco (O'Connor), Dublin, and Sister Gabrielle Marie (O'Hagan), Garvagh, Co. Derry. The following novices received the religious habit: Miss Bridie Marron, Magheracloone (Sister M. Maccartan), Miss Julie Buggy, Jamkinstown, Co. Kilkenny (Sister M. Calasactius), Miss Marie Clery, Miltown-Malbay, Co. Clare (Sister M. Augustine), Miss Pauline O'Neill, Lurgan (Sister Margaret Mary), Miss Kathleen Shanahan, Knocklong, Co. Limerick (Sister Marie de Montfort), Miss Bridie MacCarthy, Castlecomer, Co. Kilkenny (Sister Carmel Therese).

Amongst the clergy present were: V. Rev. Archdeacon O'Hagan, Lurgan, V. Rev. Canon MacDonald, P.P., V.F., Athy, V. Rev. Fr. Trainor, P.P., Dunlavin, V. Rev. Fr. Cronan, C.P., Rector, Mount Argus, Dublin, etc., etc.

Our Question Box: : Answers to our Readers' Queries.

"Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge."—Ps. cxviii., 66.

CHANGING ONE'S NAME.

Is it wrong in the eyes of the Church for a person to change his Christian name? For instance, suppose a person's name is "Anthony Smith," would it be all right if he should write his name as "Thomas Anthony Smith"? Would any complication arise as regards Baptismal Papers, etc.?—A. S. (Dublin).

The Church prescribes the naming of newly-baptized after some saint because she feels that the saint thus honoured will exercise a special protection over his or her namesake. Reverence then for one's patron saint is the chief thing to be considered by a good Catholic when wishing to change his or her name; and therefore, changing one's name should not be done simply to satisfy some frivolous whim. When the name has been changed, a record of this change noted in the baptismal register will prevent any complications in ecclesiastical matters. Legal complications will arise unless the change of name is legalized.

HOLY COMMUNION.

A non-Catholic friend of mine claims that at the Last Supper Christ gave the Bread and Wine separately or one at a time, and that we Catholics only receive the Bread, and on that account we do not follow Christ's instructions. My answer did not satisfy him, so I would like to have your explanation—J. J. (Belfast).

Our Divine Lord did at the Last Supper separately change the bread into His Body and the wine into His Blood; and Catholic priests follow His example and instructions exactly by separately consecrating the bread and wine during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. As for the separate giving of His Body and His Blood, that too is exactly followed in the Communion of every Mass. For, remember there were only priests with Our Lord at the Last Supper, and so it is only the priest at Mass who is obliged to receive Communion under both kinds.

In the early days the Church permitted the faithful to partake of the chalice; but for very good reasons she has long since forbidden the giving of Communion to the faithful under both forms. Some of the reasons for this prohibition of the Church are enumerated by St. Thomas: the danger of spilling the Precious Blood; the labour of procuring good wine, especially in northern countries; the difficulty of keeping the wine from souring; the repugnance felt by many people to drink from the same cup used by thousands of others, together with the reasonable fear of spreading disease.

Our Lord, indeed, told the people to partake both of His Flesh and His Blood; but His Flesh and His Blood, now inseparable, are both under each species of the Blessed Sacrament. Thus, St. Paul says: "Whosoever shall eat this bread or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord."

HEARING MASS

Is a person considered late for Mass if he arrives before the book is changed from one side of the altar to the other?—"Anxious" (Dublin).

A person is late for Mass if he comes into church one minute after the priest has begun its celebration. The precept of the Church says: "The Faithful are obliged to hear Mass on Sundays and Holydays." Which means an *entire* Mass. Of course, every omission is not a grave sin. Somehow or other the "changing of the book," as it is called, is regarded by the slothful as the dead line. As long as they are in church "before the book is changed" they have an easy conscience—which is very wrong.

LAW OF ABSTINENCE.

To settle a domestic dispute will you please state if soup made from flesh meat is allowed on Friday?—P. H. (Co. Tipperary).

Here is the law of abstinence as given in the Code of Canon Law:—The law of abstinence forbids flesh meat and juice derived from flesh meat, but not eggs, lactinia (milk products), and certain condiments made from the fat of animals (as lard). Soup made from flesh meat, therefore, may not be taken on days of abstinence.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

What is the law of the Church with regard to mixed marriages? Under what conditions are they allowed?—"Troubled" (Co. Dublin).

This question has been answered more than once in the "Question Box." For the benefit of our correspondent we give the pertinent extracts from the Code of Canon Law:

Canon 1060 says: "The Church everywhere most severely forbids marriage between two baptized persons, one of whom is a Catholic, the other a member of an heretical or schismatic sect; and if there is the danger of perversion to the Catholic party and the offspring, a marriage of this kind is also forbidden by divine law." This is the mind of the Church.

The Church will allow a dispensation from the prohibition, but it is only under the conditions given in Canon 1061, which reads as follows: "The Church does not dispense the impediment of mixed religion, that is, a marriage between two baptized parties—one Catholic and the other heretical or schismatical—unless; 1st, there are urgent and grave reasons. (This clause implies that the marriage cannot without grave difficulty be prevented); 2nd, the non-Catholic party must promise to remove every danger of perversion to the Faith of the Catholic party, and both parties must promise that all children to be born will be baptized and educated as Catholics; 3rd, there must be moral certitude that these conditions will be fulfilled; 4th, the promises must be made in writing as a rule."

Book Reviews

APOLOGETICS FOR THE PULPIT.

Vol. II. Aloysius Roche. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. 241 pages. 6s.

In the first volume of this work, Fr. Aloysius Roche presented a succinct yet comprehensive outline of fundamental faith. The welcome accorded that effort assured the author that he had succeeded in his aim—to present to the clergy an outline for an instructive course of lectures on the grounds of belief.

This volume might be termed an examination of the history of the Church in the light of the principles of faith. The Catholic has become accustomed to the age-old taunts of bigotry and ignorance. But to-day the need is an instructed laity, conscious of the absurdity of the rantings of prejudice, and capable of refuting them. The Bad Popes, the Inquisition, the Church and Liberty, the Church and Divorce—these are the happy hunting grounds of the critics of the Church in the pulpit and the press. These and kindred present-day problems are the subject-matter of this work. The Catholic has nothing to fear in the open examination of such questions. They are not subjects to be mentioned in a hushed voice. There never was a bad Pope, though bad men were Popes. The Church always safeguarded liberty while condemning licence.

The facts and the proof of every question have been presented often before, but the attack has been repeated. It may seem that a contemptuous silence is the only attitude to adopt towards a criticism for the most part devoid of all sincerity. But the fact remains that Catholics are often called upon to defend their position in the face of such assertions. To present to them a rational, logical study of such questions is the duty of the zealous priest, who will welcome this volume so concise, conclusive and helpful in its presentation and arrangement.

* * * * * E.E.

ONE SMALL HOUSE OF NAZARETH.

By "Lamplighter." London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. 2s. 6d.

Is this little book intended for children? Yes, for all children, including those grown-up ones who, remembering Our Lord's words: "Unless you become as little children you cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven," are striving to acquire such a spirit. As Francis Thompson describes it: "to be a child is to have a spirit still streaming from the waters of Baptism; it is to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief." We know little of the Hidden Life at Nazareth, those thirty intimate years spent by Jesus, Mary and Joseph before Our Lord went out to teach. The Evangelists have recorded only a few facts of it. But in this book "Lamplighter" tells us as much as can be told about it in a "delightful, well-balanced and reasonable study." She arrives at a knowledge of it "through the

heart, which supplies so many unwritten things regarding Him." There are many things we know must have been part of Our Lord's Childhood: how He lived, the games He must have played, where He went, what He must have seen, and the prayers He said. Above all we know what *manner* of child He was. His human character "perfect from infancy to manhood, simply unfolded in ever-increasing beauty, as the flower from the bud." The Man Who was sympathetic and kind, Who could grow angry if need be, Who stood silent before Herod, must have grown from a Boy Who spoke comfortingly to a down-hearted child, Who rebuked any boy who bragged, Whose displeasure was aroused by irreverence at prayer, and Who neither quarrelled nor disputed.

At the end of the book, she gives us what she calls "Nazareth Prayers." They are lovely child-prayers that, as Archbishop Goodier writes in his preface, betray at once from what source she has drawn her book. "She has had much experience of children, and she has learnt the Holy Child from them; she has also learnt how much she could teach them, if only she could give them back the Holy Child." The illustrations of the book are well in keeping with the delicate quality of the whole work, truly beautiful and expressive.

* * * * *

THE REFORM OF CHURCH MUSIC. By

Arth. de Meulemeester. Dublin: Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, 7/8 Lr. Abbey Street. 110 pages. 1s.

In the troubled sea of conflicting ideas that the protagonists and antagonists of Gregorian Chant flounder there comes a beacon light in the form of Prof. De Meulemeester's little book: *The Reform of Church Music*. At the mere mention of reform we are filled with suspicion, but a perusal of this book will soon dispel all our doubts. No one will doubt that it is necessary when even the Popes have written Encyclicals to direct and to correct the present form of church music. Here we have a book written in the simple, clear, and at times, incisive style of one whose highly-cultured mind and experience add conviction to each written word. Some of the views expressed may be and are revolutionary; some of the revelations are startling, as for instance, that the Mass of Rossini is composed from an opera of exhilarating, extraordinary gaiety; and also that we have love-songs converted into *Tantum Ergos*. What we do admire and praise in this little book is that whatever criticisms are indulged in there is supplied a remedy to correct the existing abuse spoken of. We heartily recommend this book to "Specialists" in church music as a help in their teaching, and to the laity in general as a stimulant to their interest in church music.

* * * * * C. McE.

nead na gaeóilge

scéal ó'n am fadó

Le linn Cromuel, do ghlais long Sasanaic léi an ába amac ó Cataire Phuirclaire. Daor-long do b'ead i agus is ar na dárbaós do bí a triall. Daora Éireannaica do bí ar bórd uirri. I bpoicair gac don íde eile dá dhonacht do tugad orra, do conuigisti agus slabraí iaramh fúta i mbolz na lunge tíos iad ist oróce. Bí don tsólás amám aca, am; bí cead a gcos aca ar bórd uactair na lunge rié an lae. Gaeóilge do bí aca go léir, níó nac ionghaó, teanga go raib a luét comeáota dall uirri. Ceapad lá eacorra cun an long do gabáil. Ceapad pocat faire com maic céatona. B'é an pocat faire é ac "Dia's pádrais linn."

Táinig an lá bí ceapaithe agus má táinig ní na amplaís do táinig ar ár gcairde. B'iodar ullam éirge. I bpáirt an áda, leis, do tárla gurb sm é an lá céatona do glantaí an long aca. Bí na mairnéalaig ag glanaó leo agus iad com tógta suas lena gcuid oibre nár braitheodar faic go dtí go raib buacailí giorde na héireann preabta 'sa preiceall orra, agus iad gabta agus na slabraí do bí fúta péim, fúta-som aca. Cuiread

síar síos i mbolz na lunge mar sin iad. Tárla go raib ar ár mbuacailí roim do éirge conus long do lámhseáil. Dáimeadar casad aisti agus do éirge a h-agaíó ar tír na France, ar Breest.

Tánaodar slán am. Scaoileadar na Sasanaig. Cuadar as som láiread bonn gac mac mátar aca ag triall ar an séipéal, mar ar rugadar buirdeacas a gcorde le Dia i rtaob a rtabarta slán. Do díoladar an long iar-sin. Do roimheadar eacorra airgead na lunge agus do cuireadar fúta i dtír na France, mar ar maireadar pé saol agus pé sláinte agus a gclann na ndíaró go deire a ré.

Tá múmead le baint agaimne as an scéilín seo na daor-lunge. Samaltas ar an daor-long isead Náisiún na héireann. Tá sí le fada riam pé smaet na nglall. Is fíor go bfuil seilb na lunge bainte den namáto agaimn, ac níro pós 'na gcimí agaimn. Ná níl ár long iompuighe síar agaimn ón a cúrsa daoirseaceta ar páirge móir an Déarla Gall, cun cuan saoirseaceta na teangan Gaeóilge. "Slíab Crot" d'innis an scéal so dúinn.

Muiris na móna.

Golden Jubilee of a Passionist Sister

On 15th April a very important event took place at the Convent of the Sisters of the Most Holy Cross and Passion (Passionist Sisters), Kilcullen, Co. Kildare, when Mother Bibiana, 1st General Consultor, celebrated the Golden Jubilee of her Religious Profession.

Right Rev. Monsignor Waters, P.P., V.G., Iona Road, presided. High Mass, beautifully sung by the Convent Choir, was said by Rev. Father Herman, C.P., Mount Argus; Rev. Father Sebastian, C.P., acted as Deacon; Rev. Father Alexius, C.P., Enniskillen, as Sub-Deacon; and Rev. Father Meagher, Chaplain, as Master of Ceremonies.

After Mass, Solemn Benediction, during which the *Te Deum* was sung, was given by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Waters. He also presented the Jubilarian with her well-earned crown and staff. The other priests present on the occasion were:—Very Rev. H. Talbot, P.P., V.F., Kilcullen; Very Rev. Father Adrian, C.P., Provincial; Rev. Father O'Callaghan, P.P., Eadestown, Naas; Rev. Father Murphy, P.P., Ballymore Eustace; Rev. Louis Ryan, P.P., Saggart; Rev. Father Nolan, C.C., Glencullen; Rev. Father Lennon, C.C., Saints Michael & John's, Dublin; Rev. Father O'Connor, C.C., Francis Street; Rev. Father McGrath, C.C., Lower Exchange Street; Rev. Father Rogan, Rector St. Peter's College, Freshfield, Liverpool.



The Guild of St. Gabriel

A Literary Circle for Young Readers
of "The Cross."

Conducted by Francis.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle : open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.

II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.

III. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of St. Gabriel.

LUXURIANCE of trees in full leafage, rich, waving meadows, and hedgerows laden with the fragrance of delicate pink and white eglantine with great tufts of golden honeysuckle, herald in the Junetide. Over the fields softly blowing from the hills and mountains gentle breezes steal refreshingly upon us ; here and there an occasional low sound from the birds tells us the silent days are at hand, and that soon their songs will be but a sweet memory. How the heart pulsates to welcome the loveliness of June, its flowers, its freshness, its radiance, but most of all because it is the month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus do we rejoice. A feeling of spirituality, of exaltation descends upon us and we look towards the loving Heart of Christ and pray with tenderness and devotion, while we experience the glow of His great love for us, and realise the immensity of His sufferings and sacrifice on Calvary.

MY POST BAG.

Many are the letters that have come tumbling in to me this month, lovely letters breathing the very spirit of youth and joyfulness. It is delightful, indeed, to hear from so many of my young friends, to know how keenly interested they all are in the welfare of the Guild of St. Gabriel, and how anxious they are to spread devotion to our great patron, who has such marvellous influence with the Mother of God, who is ever ready to guide, help and direct us in all our undertakings. Even in far-away Calabar, Nigeria, is St. Gabriel known and loved. This month two young boys have written from there to tell of how much they, and their companions, desire to join our Guild and share in its blessings. The letters of JACOB AJOMIWE and MICHAEL EDWARD BASSEY are a pleasure to read, and we all extend a warm Irish welcome to them, wishing them success and happiness, and praying that God may grant

them all they desire. The prayers of our members are requested by the little Nigerian boys for their intentions. I am sure they will be freely given. JACOB AJOMIWE introduces five new members. Their names are : BENJAMIN OKORIE, OKON EFIONG, VINCENT OKKE, LUKE RAPHAEL and WILLIE JACOB. To each and all a hearty welcome. No certificates of admission are sent to Guild members. I will comply with your other requests, Jacob. Our little friends in *St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill*, are to the fore again this month with essays and letters and kindly thoughts for *Francis* and the Guild. DOROTHY BARRY sends a most artistic painting depicting summer. She has personified this lovely season as a dainty lady, charmingly arrayed, in a garden bright with the glory of flowers and the magic of sunshine. It is a fascinating picture. I wish you could all get a glimpse at Dorothy's painting and you would thoroughly agree that she well deserves the trophy which she has captured. That is splendid news of your progress, JOAN BRITTLE. I am so glad you are walking about once more. God must have a special place in His great Heart for the little invalids in *St. Gerard's Hospital*. They make such wonderful recoveries there. MURIEL BRINE, our dear, little friend, is getting along finely now. Just

IMPORTANT.

- (1) Newcomers will please write a personal note to *Francis*, apart from their competition paper, asking for admission to the Guild.
- (2) A Badge of St. Gabriel will be awarded to each member who enrolls Five new members.
- (3) Put your name, address and age on the COMPETITION PAPER ; enclose the Guild Coupon, and see that the correct amount of postage is paid.
- (4) Address your letters to : "*Francis*," Guild of St. Gabriel, THE CROSS, Mount Argus, Dublin.

imagine she and Joan have been out gardening, planting peas and beans and helping the good Sisters to provide for the hospital. Muriel writes a lovely little essay on The Sacred Heart. Jesus has been so good to her, and has shown her the greatest marks of His Divine Love that I am sure devotion to His loving Heart must ever be a joy to Muriel. From *St. Nathy's College, Ballaghaderreen*, comes SEAN TIERNAN seeking admission to our Guild. Seán is very warmly welcome, and judging by the merits of his first essay, he is likely to become one of our most brilliant members.

TWO HAPPY PRIZE WINNERS.

MARY McANDREW is charmed with her prize and says: "It is the very type of book I like. St. Gabriel must have whispered into your ear to send it to me. It is a beautiful book and all who saw it admired it very much." It is good to know little Mary found so much pleasure in her prize. "Perseverance wins the crown," and Mary has proved how quickly one may climb to the top by hard work and steady enthusiasm. Another joyful prize-winner is EITHNE MARRON, who has already won a little library of books from *The Cross*. Writing of her latest capture she displays her appreciation in the following lines: "I got my prize-book, *St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland*, safely. A thousand thanks for it. I think you must be able to look into my mind and see what kind of books I like best. Those books that appeal to me most are ones that are written about people who really lived or about things that really happened. I admire Queen Margaret very much, and think that Scotland has good reason to be proud of her. What a brave, heroic woman she was. No matter how cold the weather she went out visiting the sick and needy. She must have had a great influence on her Court by giving them the example of a Christian life, as much needed in those days as it is in these." A most interesting letter has arrived from FRED LAWLEY of *Sutton Oak, St. Helens, Lancashire*, and also a charming photograph of his two brothers and little sister. I should like to reproduce it in the Guild pages, but alas! space does not permit us to publish pictures of our members. The

Lawleys are fine children. Fred wishes to thank Mrs. O'Sullivan for copies of *The Cross* and shamrocks, which she was so kind as to send him. From *Glasgow*, ELEANOR DARGAN sends a bright, little letter full of cheer. Lucky Eleanor, to have seven long weeks for holidaying. I hope you will make the most of the summer sunshine and enjoy yourself to the full. What a wonderful time you had in Lourdes. It has surely left a lasting impression on your mind. Thanks very much for kind letter dear SHEILA McMAHON, and for the pleasure of reading an engaging essay.

THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best essay on "The Most Interesting Places I Have Seen" the prize is divided between SHEILA McMAHON, 9 *Holland Park, Knock, Belfast*, and SEAN TIERNAN, *St. Nathy's College, Ballaghaderreen, Co. Roscommon*.

In the competition for the best drawing or painting entitled "Summer" the prize goes to DOROTHY BARRY, *St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, Birmingham, England*.

In the competition for the best essay on "Why I love the Sacred Heart" the prize is awarded to MARY McANDREW, 42 *Old Finglas Road, Glasnevin, Dublin*.

A Badge of St. Gabriel is awarded to JACOB W. AJOMIWE, c/o Nwaokocho, *Holy Trinity Church, Calabar, Nigeria*.

JULY COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 16 TO 19—A Prize is offered for the best essay on: "The Garden in July."

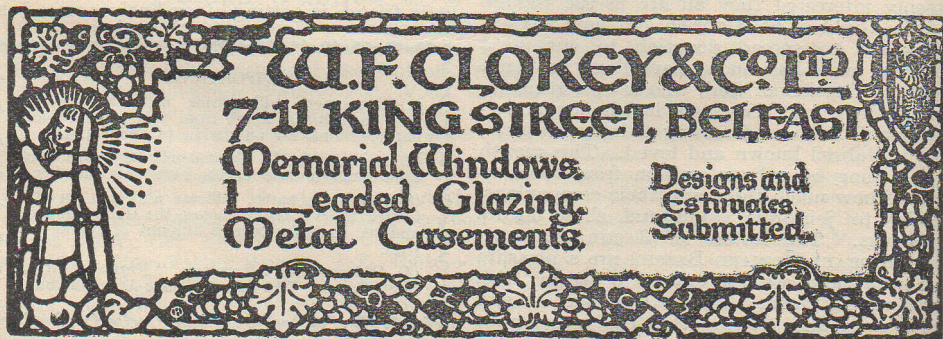
FOR MEMBERS AGED 13 TO 16—A Prize is offered for the best story of a Dog.

FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "Summer in the Fields."

SEND BEFORE JUNE 10TH.

St. Gabriel's Guild

COUPON JUNE, 1936



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